

## INTRODUCTION

Children's Literature is perhaps the most controversial genre of writing, not simply because of its content but also because of its origin and purpose. Long ago literature consisted of legends, fables, and myths. None were originally children's literature but because of their fantastic, lesson-oriented, primitive character, these narratives were given to children over the years for enjoyment and learning. Children enjoyed these tales and parents appreciated the moral and cultural lessons included. Attempts to create a separate genre of literature for children were thwarted and no consensus was reached regarding whether a given work is best categorized as adult or children's literature. Many books that were originally intended for adults are now commonly thought of as works for children, such as Mark Twain's *The Prince and The Pauper*, or *Huckleberry Finn*. The opposite has also been known to occur, where works of fiction originally written or marketed for children are given recognition as adult books. Furthermore, many books are multiply marketed in adult, children's, and young adult editions. In some cases, books intended for adults, such as *Swift's Gulliver's Travels* have been edited somewhat to make them more appropriate for children. This speaking at multiple levels, however, has drawbacks, for many adults can find things they see at an adult level which they deem inappropriate for children - whereas a child may see no such thing. This leads to many of the good books for children also being lightning rods for being "banned" as bad for children (or anyone).

Arguably not until the 1400s was children's literature as a distinct entity born, though precursors may be seen beginning in the early 8<sup>th</sup> century. The Fables of Aesop, published by William Caxton in 1484 primarily for children, remains a favorite to this day. The problem of tracing the history of children's literature is even more complicated in the Arab world. Many critics argue that the real history of children's literature in the Arab world dates back to the early twentieth century with Kamel Kilani (Egypt), who started by translating children's international classics in 1928. For years these translations were considered as derivatives and copies replacing linguistic codes (equivalents) from one language into another. It

was not until recently that, under the influence of poststructuralism and functionalism, the focus of attention has shifted to the issue of translator's agency and subjectivity, and the notions of originality and (absolute) equivalence and also author's superiority over translator have been severely questioned.

Bassnett (1996) stresses the need for reassessing the role of the translator by analyzing his/her intervention in the process of linguistic transfer, when she argues that 'once considered a subservient, transparent filter through which a text could and should pass without adulteration, the translation can now be seen as a process in which intervention is crucial' (p. 22). Awareness of the complexity of the translation process and avoidance of the simplistic view of regarding translation as mere process of transferring words from one text to another, Álvarez & Vidal (1996) claim, will result in realizing the importance of the ideology underlying a translation. They argue that behind every one of the translator's selections, as what to add, what to leave out, which words to choose and how to place them, 'there is a voluntary act that reveals his history and the socio-political milieu that surrounds him; in other words, his own culture (and ideology)' (Álvarez & Vidal, 1996: 5).

Studies have shown that, in many countries, government censorship bodies shape the content and form of the literature to be presented for children. Even today, great importance is given to children and the literature presented to them. More liberal countries are not exceptions, but the ideology in the literature they present to their children can be more subtle, unobtrusive and hidden, which makes it, in my opinion, more dangerous. It seems clear that there is no such thing as an unbiased book and translating tales with their moral and cultural lessons means translating an ideology and "any translation is ideological" as Christina Schäffner (2003:23) claims. It is not word for word translation, but rather a manipulation where the translator strives to preserve fun, didacticism and TT's own attitudes and beliefs.

This dissertation discusses the issue of children's literature and the strategies adopted when translating ideological implications from English into Arabic. It is generally believed that Children's literature is unbiased, merely didactic and easy to translate. The dissertation argues that children literature embraces subtle ideology that needs a creative translator capable of handling

certain attitudes that reflect religion, politics or social norms while preserving the original skopos or purpose of translating the source text

In Chapter One, the Introduction, the dissertation argues that children's literature is not as innocent as it may seem. In addition to its being a tool for entertainment and didacticism, children's literature implies ideology that needs to be carefully handled by the translator. Particularly in English material, we detect racism, sexism, feminism and a range of similar attitudes. There is always a hidden agenda that has to be scrutinized.

In Chapter Two, the dissertation introduces the most influential trends in translation theory that appeared in the twentieth century and participated in the evolution and development of translation studies. It focuses on the Theory of Equivalence with the most innovative theorists in this field: Vinay and Darbelnet and their definition of equivalence in translation, Jakobson and the concept of equivalence in difference, Nida and Taber's Formal correspondence and dynamic equivalence, Catford and the introduction of translation shifts, House and the elaboration of overt and covert translation, Baker's approach to translation equivalence, Koller and Pragmatic Equivalence and finally Hatim and Mason and Discourse, Text and Genre Equivalence. It also discusses further theories that have been inspired by the notion of equivalence such as: The Theory of Relevance by Gutt, Foreignizing Translation by Venuti and the Theory of Skopos by Vermeer.

Chapter Three presents an overview of children's literature regarding its definition which is highly controversial due to its origin and purposes. It sheds lights on the problem of considering Children's Literature as an overlapping genre with Adult Literature. The chapter also discusses the evolution of this genre and its current status in the West and the Arab world.

In Chapter Four, the dissertation tackles the issue of ideology from political, cultural and linguistic perspectives. It explains the relation between ideology and literature in general and children's literature in particular. It shows that ideology is an umbrella concept that includes religion, governments, parents, publishers, child images, writers and translators who play a major role in deciding which literature to produce for children. The chapter also presents Thompson's five modes of ideology and Hollindale's three levels of ideology.

In Chapter Five, the dissertation analyses the short-story collection *Just So Stories*, for the English short-story writer, poet, and novelist *Rudyard Kipling*, and its Arabic translation *دموع التماسيح* which is translated by *Dar Al-Bihar*. The chapter shows that some bedtime stories for young children, which are intended for fun and moral lessons, are embedded with destructive ideology that participates in distorting the innocent world of childhood. Therefore, it is the role of the translator to keep this world as innocent as possible by carefully selecting and cleverly manipulating the source text.

In Chapter Six, the dissertation concludes that writing for children for mere pleasure or didacticism is inconceivable as children nowadays are not just passive readers. Writers often stress how important it is to translate for children just as “well” as we do for grown-ups. The assumption is that we must not adapt, abridge, or alter children’s literature in any way while translating, but we must keep to the same level of accuracy as we do when translating for adults. Jeremy Zornado (2001) writes: “the original text must be accorded just as much respect as in the case of adult literature, therefore the endeavour should be a translation as faithful, as equivalent as possible.” Evidently canonizing one translation of the Bible, Zornado even equates translating children’s literature and the Bible: both are Holy Scriptures and should be translated just as faithfully.

To a certain extent, the general worry about adapting children’s literature is justified and understandable. It is based on the way children’s books have been adapted for centuries to conform with adult pedagogic ideals rather than to children’s likes and needs. On the other hand, the worry is also the result of some vague idea about what happens in the process of translation. The assumption is that the author of the original has already taken into consideration her/ his presumptive readers, so the only task that is left for the translator is to keep as “true” to the original as possible. The problem here is the firm belief in precision and equivalence, which are considered appreciation. Thus several fundamental questions go unanswered, such as equivalence and change in translation, as well as the status of the original author.

Adaptation is usually resorted to manipulate certain implications, which are in our case, culture-specific as what is acceptable in one culture is seen as unacceptable in another. But in the hands of a talented writer and translator the

same issues are communicated with a sensitivity that opens the child's mind in ways that more conventional books do not. Publishers with a commitment to good writing must defend and celebrate a writer's freedom to challenge the prevailing complacencies of our age. More importantly, they must give children the choice to read a range of books from the traditional and conventional to the more challenging and unconventional if we are to make them responsible readers.

On the whole, the “rights” of the author of the original and the “rights” of the readers of the translation need not conflict; quite the contrary, authors have also thought of their future readers, the children, and have written, adapted, their texts for them. Translators in turn complement, adapt the texts on the basis of their viewpoint of their own culture and language. When translating for children, taking into consideration the target-language children as readers is a sign of loyalty to the original author. In short, only a “poor” translator “distorts” the original author’s face, but a good translator is an “invisible man”.

# THEORIES OF TRANSLATION

The increasingly interdisciplinary nature of translation studies has multiplied theories of translation. These models now draw on several other branches of learning, among them literary studies, philosophy, and psychology. This expands the scale of this discipline which means that there is no guarantee that what is acceptable as a theory in one field or approach will satisfy the conceptual requirements of a theory in others.

This chapter sheds light on the most influential trends in translation theory that appeared in the twentieth century:

## 2.1 Theory of Equivalence

It can be said that equivalence is the central issue in translation although its definition, relevance, and applicability within the field of translation theory have caused heated controversy, and many different theories of the concept of equivalence have been elaborated within this field in the past fifty years.

The most innovative theorists in this field are Vinay and Darbelnet, Jakobson, Nida and Taber, Catford, House, Baker and Koller. These theorists have studied equivalence in relation to the translation process, using different approaches, and have provided fruitful ideas for further study on this topic. Their theories will be analyzed in chronological order so that it will be easier to follow the evolution of this concept.

### 2.1.1 Vinay and Darbelnet and their definition of equivalence in translation.

Vinay and Darbelnet view equivalence-oriented translation as a procedure which 'replicates the same situation as in the original, whilst using completely different wording'. They also suggest that, if this procedure is applied during the translation process, it can maintain the stylistic impact of the SL text in the TL text. According to them, equivalence is therefore the ideal method when the translator has to deal with proverbs, idioms, clichés, nominal or adjectival phrases and the onomatopoeia of animal sounds.

With regard to equivalent expressions between language pairs, Vinay and Darbelnet claim that they are acceptable as long as they are listed in a bilingual dictionary as 'full equivalents'. However, later they note that glossaries and

collections of idiomatic expressions 'can never be exhaustive' .They conclude by saying that 'the need for creating equivalences arises from the situation, and it is in the situation of the SL text that translators have to look for a solution' .Indeed, they argue that even if the semantic equivalent of an expression in the SL text is quoted in a dictionary or a glossary, it is not enough, and it does not guarantee a successful translation.

### **2.1.2 Jakobson and the concept of equivalence in difference.**

Roman Jakobson's study of equivalence gave new impetus to the theoretical analysis of translation since he introduced the notion of 'equivalence in difference'. On the basis of his semiotic approach to language and his aphorism 'there is no signatum without signum' (1959:232), he suggests three kinds of translation:

- Intralingual (within one language, i.e. rewording or paraphrase)
- Interlingual (between two languages)
- Intersemiotic (between sign systems)

Jakobson claims that, in the case of interlingual translation, the translator makes use of synonyms in order to get the ST message across. This means that in interlingual translations there is no full equivalence between code units. According to his theory, 'translation involves two equivalent messages in two different codes' .Jakobson goes on to say that from a grammatical point of view languages may differ from one another to a greater or lesser degree, but this does not mean that a translation cannot be possible, in other words, that the translator may face the problem of not finding a translation equivalent. He acknowledges that 'whenever there is deficiency, terminology may be qualified and amplified by loanwords or loan-translations, neologisms or semantic shifts, and finally, by circumlocutions' .Jakobson provides a number of examples by comparing English and Russian language structures and explains that in such cases where there is no a literal equivalent for a particular ST word or sentence, then it is up to the translator to choose the most suitable way to render it in the TT.

There seems to be some similarity between Vinay and Darbelnet's theory of translation procedures and Jakobson's theory of translation. Both theories stress the fact that, whenever a linguistic approach is no longer suitable to carry out a

translation, the translator can rely on other procedures such as loan-translations, neologisms and the like. Both theories recognize the limitations of a linguistic theory and argue that a translation can never be impossible since there are several methods that the translator can choose. The role of the translator as the person who decides how to carry out the translation is emphasized in both theories. Vinay and Darbelnet as well as Jakobson conceive the translation task as something which can always be carried out from one language to another, regardless of the cultural or grammatical differences between ST and TT.

It can be concluded that Jakobson's theory is essentially based on his semiotic approach to translation according to which the translator has to recode the ST message first and then s/he has to transmit it into an equivalent message for the TC.

### **2.1.3 Nida and Taber: Formal correspondence and dynamic equivalence**

Nida argued that there are two different types of equivalence, namely formal equivalence—which in the second edition by Nida and Taber (1982) is referred to as formal correspondence—and dynamic equivalence. Formal correspondence 'focuses attention on the message itself, in both form and content', unlike dynamic equivalence which is based upon 'the principle of equivalent effect' (1964:159). In the second edition (1982) or their work, the two theorists provide a more detailed explanation of each type of equivalence.

Formal correspondence consists of a TL item which represents the closest equivalent of a SL word or phrase. Nida and Taber make it clear that there are not always formal equivalents between language pairs. They therefore suggest that these formal equivalents should be used wherever possible if the translation aims at achieving formal rather than dynamic equivalence. The use of formal equivalents might at times have serious implications in the TT since the translation will not be easily understood by the target audience (Fawcett, 1997). Nida and Taber themselves assert that 'typically, formal correspondence distorts the grammatical and stylistic patterns of the receptor language, and hence distorts the message, so as to cause the receptor to misunderstand or to labor unduly hard'.

Dynamic equivalence is defined as a translation principle according to which a translator seeks to translate the meaning of the original in such a way that the TL



wording will trigger the same impact on the TC audience as the original wording did upon the ST audience. They argue that 'frequently, the form of the original text is changed; but as long as the change follows the rules of back transformation in the source language, of contextual consistency in the transfer, and of transformation in the receptor language, the message is preserved and the translation is faithful' (Nida and Taber, 1982:200).

One can easily see that Nida is in favour of the application of dynamic equivalence, as a more effective translation procedure. This is perfectly understandable if we take into account the context of the situation in which Nida was dealing with the translation phenomenon, that is to say, his translation of the Bible. Thus, the product of the translation process, that is the text in the TL, must have the same impact on the different readers it was addressing. Only in Nida and Taber's edition is it clearly stated that 'dynamic equivalence in translation is far more than mere correct communication of information' (ibid: 25).

Despite using a linguistic approach to translation, Nida is much more interested in the message of the text or, in other words, in its semantic quality. He therefore strives to make sure that this message remains clear in the target text.

#### **2.1.4 Catford and the introduction of translation shifts**

Catford's approach to translation equivalence clearly differs from that adopted by Nida since Catford had a preference for a more linguistic-based approach to translation and this approach is based on the linguistic work of Firth and Halliday. His main contribution in the field of translation theory is the introduction of the concepts of types and shifts of translation. Catford proposed very broad types of translation in terms of three criteria:

1. The extent of translation (full translation vs. partial translation);
2. The grammatical rank at which the translation equivalence is established (rank-bound translation vs. unbounded translation);
3. The levels of language involved in translation (total translation vs. restricted translation).

In rank-bound translation, which is our concern, an equivalent is sought in the TL for each word, or for each morpheme encountered in the ST. In unbounded

translation equivalences are not tied to a particular rank, and we may additionally find equivalences at sentence, clause and other levels. Catford finds five of these ranks or levels in both English and French, while in the Caucasian language Kabardian there are apparently only four. Thus, a formal correspondence could be said to exist between English and French if relations between ranks have approximately the same configuration in both languages, as Catford claims they do.

One of the problems with formal correspondence is that, despite being a useful tool to employ in comparative linguistics, it seems that it is not really relevant in terms of assessing translation equivalence between ST and TT. For this reason we now turn to Catford's other dimension of correspondence, namely textual equivalence which occurs when any TL text or portion of text is 'observed on a particular occasion to be the equivalent of a given SL text or portion of text'. He implements this by a process of commutation, whereby 'a competent bilingual informant or translator' is consulted on the translation of various sentences whose ST items are changed in order to observe 'what changes if any occur in the TL text as a consequence'.

As far as translation shifts are concerned, Catford defines them as 'departures from formal correspondence in the process of going from the SL to the TL'. Catford argues that there are two main types of translation shifts, namely level shifts, where the SL item at one linguistic level (e.g. grammar) has a TL equivalent at a different level (e.g. lexis), and category shifts which are divided into four types:

1. Structure-shifts, which involve a grammatical change between the structure of the ST and that of the TT;
2. Class-shifts, when a SL item is translated with a TL item which belongs to a different grammatical class, i.e. a verb may be translated with a noun;
3. Unit-shifts, which involve changes in rank;
4. Intra-system shifts, which occur when 'SL and TL possess systems which approximately correspond formally as to their constitution, but when translation involves selection of a non-corresponding term in the TL system'. For instance, when the SL singular becomes a TL plural.

Catford was very much criticized for his linguistic theory of translation. One of the most scathing criticisms came from Snell-Hornby (1988), who argued that Catford's definition of textual equivalence is 'circular', his theory's reliance on

bilingual informants 'hopelessly inadequate', and his example sentences 'isolated and even absurdly simplistic' . She considers the concept of equivalence in translation as being an illusion. She asserts that the translation process cannot simply be reduced to a linguistic exercise, as claimed by Catford for instance, since there are also other factors, such as textual, cultural and situational aspects, which should be taken into consideration when translating. In other words, she does not believe that linguistics is the only discipline which enables people to carry out a translation, since translating involves different cultures and different situations at the same time and they do not always match from one language to another.

### **2.1.5 House and the elaboration of overt and covert translation.**

House (1977) is in favour of semantic and pragmatic equivalence and argues that ST and TT should match one another in function. House suggests that it is possible to characterize the function of a text by determining the situational dimensions of the ST. In fact, according to her theory, every text is in itself placed within a particular situation which has to be correctly identified and taken into account by the translator. After the ST analysis, House is in a position to evaluate a translation; if the ST and the TT differ substantially on situational features, then they are not functionally equivalent, and the translation is not of a high quality. In fact, she acknowledges that 'a translation text should not only match its source text in function, but employ equivalent situational-dimensional means to achieve that function'.

Central to House's discussion is the concept of overt and covert translations. In an overt translation the TT audience is not directly addressed and there is therefore no need at all to attempt to recreate a 'second original' since an overt translation 'must overtly be a translation' .By covert translation, on the other hand, is meant the production of a text which is functionally equivalent to the ST. House also argues that in this type of translation the ST 'is not specifically addressed to a TC audience'.

House sets out the types of ST that would probably yield translations of the two categories. An academic article, for instance, is unlikely to exhibit any features specific to the SC; the article has the same argumentative or expository force that it would if it had originated in the TL and the fact that it is a translation at all need not be made known to the readers. A political speech in the SC, on the other hand, is

addressed to a particular cultural or national group which the speaker sets out to move to action or otherwise influence, whereas the TT merely informs outsiders what the speaker is saying to his or her constituency. It is clear that in this latter case, which is an instance of overt translation, functional equivalence cannot be maintained, and it is therefore intended that the ST and the TT function differently.

House's theory of equivalence in translation seems to be much more flexible than Catford's. In fact, she gives authentic examples, uses complete texts and, more importantly, she relates linguistic features to the context of both source and target text.

### **2.1.6 Baker's approach to translation equivalence.**

Baker (1992) explores the notion of equivalence at different levels, in relation to the translation process, including all different aspects of translation and hence putting together the linguistic and the communicative approach. She distinguishes between:

- Equivalence that can appear at word level and above word level, when translating from one language into another. Baker acknowledges that, in a bottom-up approach to translation, equivalence at word level is the first element to be taken into consideration by the translator. In fact, when the translator starts analyzing the ST s/he looks at the words as single units in order to find a direct 'equivalent' term in the TL. Baker gives a definition of the term word since it should be remembered that a single word can sometimes be assigned different meanings in different languages and might be regarded as being a more complex unit or morpheme. This means that the translator should pay attention to a number of factors when considering a single word, such as number, gender and tense.
- Grammatical equivalence, when referring to the diversity of grammatical categories across languages. She notes that grammatical rules may vary across languages and this may pose some problems in terms of finding a direct correspondence in the TL. In fact, she claims that different grammatical structures in the SL and TL may cause remarkable changes in the way the information or message is carried across. These changes may induce the translator either to add or to omit information in the TT because of the lack of

particular grammatical devices in the TL itself. Amongst these grammatical devices which might cause problems in translation Baker focuses on number, tense and aspects, voice, person and gender.

- Textual equivalence, when referring to the equivalence between a SL text and a TL text in terms of information and cohesion. Texture is a very important feature in translation since it provides useful guidelines for the comprehension and analysis of the ST which can help the translator in his or her attempt to produce a cohesive and coherent text for the TC audience in a specific context. It is up to the translator to decide whether or not to maintain the cohesive ties as well as the coherence of the SL text. His or her decision will be guided by three main factors, that is, the target audience, the purpose of the translation and the text type.
- Pragmatic equivalence, when referring to implicatures and strategies of avoidance during the translation process. Implicature is not about what is explicitly said but what is implied. Therefore, the translator needs to work out implied meanings in translation in order to get the ST message across. The role of the translator is to recreate the author's intention in another culture in such a way that enables the TC reader to understand it clearly.

### **2.1.7 Koller and the Pragmatic Equivalence**

In 1979, Warner Koller introduces his new approach which explains equivalent relationship between ST (source text) and TL (target language). He maintains a distinction between formal similarity at the level of virtual language system (langue) and equivalence relations obtaining between texts real time at the actual level of people. Koller listed five frames of reference which have to be accounted for in order to say that particular kinds of equivalence have been achieved.

1. Denotation meaning or the referential meaning.
2. Connotation meaning.
3. Textual norms.
4. Pragmatic meaning or communicative equivalence.
5. Linguistic form.

These frames of reference are “hierarchical” in that each type of equivalence (and the level of language at which translation equivalence is achieved tends to subsume (i.e. retain and add to ) features of the preceding level. (Hatim 2004).

However, getting two different translators to match this list and come up with exactly the same solution is inconceivable. Furthermore, Koller’s linguistic list offers only an analysis and some objective justification to the translator who has to follow his own intuitions.

### **2.1.8 Hatim and Mason and the Textual Equivalence**

The work of Basil Hatim and Ian Mason, alone and in collaboration, brings together an ambitious array of analytical concepts from different areas of linguistics .Their examples embrace a wide variety of text types ,literary and religious ,journalistic and political ,legal and commercial .Their work shows how far linguistic approaches have advanced over the past three decades .They perform nuanced analyses of actual translation in terms of style ,genre ,discourse, pragmatics, and ideology Their unit of analysis is the whole text and their analytical method takes into account –but not finally transcends-the differences between “literary” and “non literary” translation. (Quoted in Venuti’s *The Translation Studies Reader*).

Yet, our utmost concern is in Hatim’s Textual Model. In his book (1997), Hatim argues that context almost casually determines the way text is hierarchically organized (compositional plan or structure), and the way a text is put together (texture). His textual model includes three basic dimensions:

1. Ideational parameter which is referred to as Field of discourse. This field involves ideational meaning which is expressed through terminology and ideational grammar or structure, as the use of passive to depict how we look at the world.
2. Interpersonal dimension which includes appropriate level of formality or textual tenor.
3. Textual Dimension which shows how ideational and interpersonal values are encoded and textualized within a textual mode.

Yet, “whether one approaches textual issue bottom-up (with textual manifestation as appoint of departure) or top-down (starting with the context that has

given rise to a particular text in the first place), an inevitable conclusion is that text is the ultimate unit of effective communication”. (Hatim 1997)

Although the notion of equivalence is one of the most problematic and controversial areas in the field of translation theory, it initiated a further elaboration by contemporary theorists who were inspired to introduce different views in this field.

## **2.2 Gutt and the Theory of Relevance:**

Ernst–August Gutt (1991) takes a cognitive approach by modeling translation on another area of linguistics: relevance theory. Here “deliberate “communication depends on the interplay between the psychological “context” or “cognitive environment” of an utterance-construed broadly as an individuals’ store of knowledge, values and beliefs – and the processing effort required to derive contextual effects.

Gutt distinguishes between two kinds of translation: A translation that is seen as having to relate in some way to the original would be a case of interpretive resemblance whereas a translation intended to survive on its own without the receiver even knowing there was an original would be a case of descriptive use. This would involve whatever changes the commissioner or the translator thought necessary to maximize its effect, or relevance, for its new audience regardless of what was in the original. According to Gutt, translations involving descriptive use are not really translations. They have been called so only through loose usage or because people have found it more economical to translate an original text and modify rather than starting a whole new text from scratch (Fawcett 1997).

One of the claims against Gutt is that translators make decisions based on a perceived audience but on their own preferences, and that the rational minimax approach behind relevance theory may not be at all the way in which human beings behave: it may not be a true psycholinguistic concept but simply one more theoretical construct.

## **2.3 Venuti and Foreignizing Translation**

In his book *The Translator’s Invisibility: A History of Translation*, Lawrence Venuti defines foreignizing as opposite to domesticating texts: “when a reader is taken to the foreign text, the translation strategy in question is called foreignization,

whereas when the text is accommodated to the reader, it is domesticated". In other words, foreignization generally refers to a method (or strategy) of translation whereby some significant trace of the original 'foreign' text is retained. Domestication, on the other hand, assimilates a text to target cultural and linguistic values.

According to Venuti, there are several reasons why foreignization is desirable and domestication to be rejected. He finds domestication ethnocentric racism and violence, which may only be attacked by challenging the dominant aesthetics and foreignizing texts. He also claims that translators lose their visibility when they write smooth target-language texts, when the reader cannot tell from the text if she/ he is reading a translation or a text originally written in the target language.

This is problematic as Venuti does not pay any attention to the future readers of the text or to the reasons people read books. And while there are always readers, such as scholars, who might not find foreignized texts repulsive, Venuti does not address the complexities concerning the multiplicity of readers and reader response. Moreover, while interpreting stories and rewriting them for future readers, translators are acting on the basis of their own child images, which means that while adapting, they are in the end rather more visible than invisible.

## **2.1 Vermeer and the Theory of Skopos**

The Theory of Skopos was introduced by Reiss and Vermeer in the late 1970s and early 1980s. It is a functional approach that requires translators to produce a new text that satisfies the cultural expectations of the target receivers for texts with the intended skopos (1988:41-45).

In essence, the skopos theory has modernized translation theory by offering alternative to traditional translation. In traditional translation, where the translator is expected to reconstruct and reform the form and the substance of the source text in the target language, the function of the target text is the same as that of the source text.

While Vermeer insists that the skopos theory also applies to traditional translation without a shift in function, it clearly focuses on translations whose function differs from that of the source text. Departing from tradition, the functional approach presumes that the same text can be translated in different ways depending on the communicative function of the target text. Guided by the loyalty of the skopos,



the translator is free of producing a new text that differs considerably from the source text in both form and substance.

The above theories rise a question “if translating doesn’t so much communicate the foreign text as inscribe it with the intelligibilities and interests of the translating culture, how can a translated text reach the ethical and political goal of building a community with foreign cultures, a shared understanding with and of them?” This question prompts a return to basic issues in twentieth –century translation theory: equivalence and shifts, audience and function, identity and ideology.

## CHILDREN'S LITERATURE

Children's literature is perhaps the most controversial genre of writing, not simply because of its content but also because of its origin and purpose. This chapter presents an overview of children's literature covering its definition, history and current status in the West and the Arab World.

### 3.1 Definition of Children's Literature: Purposes

Just as most questions imply their answers, so definitions are controlled by purposes. Therefore, there can be no single definition of children's literature. What is regarded as a 'good' book might be 'good' in the sense which the currently dominant academic establishment prescribes; or in terms of effectiveness for education, language acquisition, or socialization or for entertainment for a specific child or group of children in general or specific circumstances.

Thus, Children's Literature can be considered an issue of intentionality: if the original author has intended or directed her/ his book to be read by children, it is a children's book. If an adult finds something for her/ himself in a so-called children's book, is it not an adult book, too? Yet, many adult phenomena have become part of children's culture over time like Alice's Adventures in Wonderland. Therefore, this is a question of different readers and different reading strategies

Peter Hunt (1991) notes that the boundaries of this "species of literature" are very hazy: "it cannot be defined by textual characteristics either of style or content, and its primary audience, 'the child reader,' is equally elusive. Hunt's comments on the purpose of children's literature are of special interest: "All of this suggests a species of literature defined in terms of the reader rather than the author's intentions or the texts themselves." Thus it seems that compared to literature written for adults, children's literature tends to be more directed toward its readers.

On the other hand, Puurtinen (1995) defines children's literature from a sociological or psychological angle: "children's literature is anything the child reads or hears from newspapers, series, TV shows, and radio presentations to what we call books."

Barbara Wall (1991) also deals with definitions of children's literature in her *The Narrator's Voice: The Dilemma of Children's Fiction*, where she points out how

many reviewers “have lamented the lack of an adequate definition of a children’s book.” Wall refers to John Rowe Townsend who claimed that the only possible way to define children’s books is to define them as books that appear “on the children’s list of a publisher.” Wall makes the following distinction:

“If a story is written to children, then it is for children, even though it may also be for adults. If a story is not written to children, then it does not form part of the genre writing for children, even if the author, or publisher, hopes it will appeal to children.”

In contrast, some scholars like Graham Anderson, don’t even recognize the existence of children’s literature. He states that:

‘I come more and more to the view that there are no children’s books. They are a concept invented for commercial reasons and kept alive by the human instinct for classification and categorization’.

Despite the above ponderings on children’s literature and its status, these definitions are based on our views of childhood and adulthood. They tell about our attitudes, appreciation and lack of appreciation, toward children and their literature and no definition is a final word.

### **3.2 Children’s Literature: An Overlapping Genre**

Arguably not until the 1400s was children’s literature as a distinct entity born, though precursors may be seen beginning in the early 8 century .The *Fables of Aesop*, published by William Caxton in 1484 primarily for children, remains a favorite to this day. However, it is believed that *Johann Amos Comenius’ Orbis Sensulium Pictus* (1658) is the earliest major children’s book.

Attempts to create a separate genre of literature for children seems difficult and no consensus is reached whether a given work is best categorized as adult or children's literature .Many books that were originally intended for adults are now commonly thought of as works for children, such as Mark Tawin ‘s *The Prince and The Pauper* , or *Huckleberry Finn*. The opposite has also been known to occur, where works of fiction originally written or marketed for children are given recognition as adult books. Furthermore, many books are multiply marketed in adult, children's, and young adult editions. In some cases, books intended for adults, such as *Swift's*

*Gulliver's Travels* have been edited somewhat to make them more appropriate for children.

Therefore, Children's Literature is believed to have a dual audience: children and adults. In her *Poetics of Children's Literature*, Zohar Shavit finds *Winnie-the-Pooh*, *The Little Prince*, *the Hobbit*, and *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* very ambivalent texts in this respect: she suggests that they all exist on two levels, one directed to children, one to adults. For instance, if a child reads the poem parodies of *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*, she/ he probably pays attention to the nonsense and crazy comedy, perhaps recognizing some of the poems as parodies of some of the songs she/ he knows from school. A grown-up tunes into different, more logical levels in the story. Shavit explains the ambivalence of the story as Carroll's own will to create a novel on several different levels: he was living in the era of Romanticism when fantasy and fairy tales were very popular, especially in adult literature. As Romantics lost their grip on adult literature, the themes became popular in children's literature.

Yet, children's literature has its own special features: children's books are often illustrated and often meant to be read aloud. Illustrations are of major importance in children's literature, especially in books written for illiterate children. The illustrations in picture books may often be even more important than the words, and sometimes there are no words at all. Reading aloud, too, is characteristic of books for children; the only time we ever seem to read aloud to adults is in special situations like when we read love poems to lovers or when friends or family members are in the hospital, incapacitated, to help them pass the time.

Further characteristics are best summed up in Perry Nodelman's definition: "Children's books are generally shorter; tend to favor an active rather a passive treatment , with a dialogue and incident rather than description and introspection; child protagonists are the rule ;conventions are much used ;the story develops within a clear-cut moral schematism which much adult fiction ignores ; children's books tend to be optimistic rather than depressive; language is child-oriented ; plots are of a distinctive order ,probability is often discarded ; and one could go on endlessly talking of magic, and fantasy, and simplicity, and adventure".

Some psycho-linguists have examined children's literature by its various functions. In their view it should be entertaining, didactic, informative, and therapeutic, and it should help the child grow and develop. A children's book should also strengthen the child's feelings of empathy and identification. Emotivity is considered a very important characteristic in a children's story.

Another attempt is made by publishers who further break down children's literature into subdivisions appropriate for different ages. In the United States, current practice within the field of children's books publishing is to break children's literature into pre-readers, early readers, chapter books, and young adults. This is roughly equivalent to the age groups 0-5, 5-7, 7-11 (sometimes broken down further into 7-9 and pre-teens), and books for teenagers. However, the criteria for these divisions are just as vague and problematic as the criteria for defining children's books as a whole. One obvious distinction is that books for younger children tend to contain illustrations, but picture books which feature art as an integral part of the work also cross all genres and age levels.

Nevertheless, today's adult literature may be tomorrow's children's literature. Not only works of literature but whole literary genres acquire different meanings and are refined again and again over time. A wonderful reversal is taking place: adults are now acquiring children's literature. A growing number of smart, witty, lovely children's books are so well-made; adults often buy them as presents for other adults. They've replaced the art and architecture coffee table books in some homes.

### **3.3 Children's Literature: Origin and Evolution**

In the beginning there really was not a children's literature. Arguably, children's literature is a relatively new phenomenon. But the earliest myths, legends, fables and tales are now dumped into the category of children's literature. There is nothing child-centered about a tale exploring the origins of the universe or the seasons or of the founding of a great civilization. These earliest stories were attempts for people to come to some understanding of the universe and to store some of their native wisdom and values to record their history.

It can be said, then, that Children's literature, as a distinct and independent genre, emerged only a little more than two centuries ago. Prior to the mid-eighteenth century books were rarely created specifically for children, and children's reading was

generally confined to literature intended for their education and moral edification rather than for their amusement. Religious works, grammar books, and "courtesy books" (which offered instruction on proper behavior) were virtually the only early books directed at children.

New attitudes toward children and their education began to develop in the late seventeenth century, when many educators appealed for greater consideration of children's distinctive needs and when the notion of pleasure in learning was becoming more widely accepted. Most indicative of this evolution of ideas are the writings of philosophers John Locke (1632–1704) and Jean-Jacques Rousseau (1712–78) who believed that it was essential for teachers to see things as children do. The writings of Locke and Rousseau influenced British educators, and their ideas ultimately led to a more humane approach to education in which enjoyment was considered an aid to learning.

By the early eighteenth century interest in children's literature (and a rise in literacy) led to new markets and a flourishing of new publishers, particularly in England. The two most significant genres of eighteenth-century children's literature were the fairy tale and the moral tale. Fairy tales, which had been passed down from generation to generation through oral tradition, were first collected and put into print at the French court of Louis XIV by writers such as the Perrault, 1698. However, moral or cautionary tales, in which good children were rewarded and bad children were appropriately punished, were generally of less interest with regard to illustrations than were fairy tales.

The nineteenth century witnessed the institutionalization of the idea of childhood as a period distinct from adulthood and as a time to be enjoyed, at least by prosperous middle-class Victorians. During the latter half of the century many of the classics of children's literature in English appeared, including Lewis Carroll's *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* (1865), Louisa May Alcott's *Little Women* (1868–69), Robert Louis Stevenson's *Treasure Island* (1883), Mark Twain's *Adventures of Huckleberry Finn* (1884), and Rudyard Kipling's *Jungle Book* (1894). This period also saw the emergence of the picture book, in which the illustrations—and the artist's vision—were at least as important as the text. No longer anonymous, artists were aided by technical advances in printing and a growing middle-class market for books.

Modern literature for children in the West displays a great variety of genres and themes, because it is the offspring of a dialogic situation characterised by its liberalism, where the rights of minorities such as homosexuals and ethnic groups are recognized and where problems are generally dealt with rather than ignored. New artistic trends are easily accepted within such societies due to their liberalism.

Most western societies (with the notable exception of the United States) also rely heavily on translations to produce books for their children. Translation allows a great openness to the other and the acceptance of other literary genres and themes. Problem-solving literature for children dealing with drug addiction, juvenile pregnancy, divorce, death of a family member, ugliness, etc., topics so popular in the United States, is not popular in Arab societies, although it might be welcomed by some liberal families.

Similarly, books like Aidan Chamber's *Dance on My Grave* or Leslie Norman's *Heather Has Two Mommies* dealing with taboo subjects like homosexuality, present but controversial in the West, are inconceivable in the Islamic world, not because such problems are alien to Islamic societies but because it is believed that talking openly about such problems in children's literature is far more harmful than beneficial, and it is believed children should be spared such problems.

### **3.1 Writing for Children in the Arab World: A New Perspective**

Though the tradition of storytelling is age-old, writing for children has not flourished until recently. Children's literature was not recognised as such in the Arab world until the late nineteenth century. Just like its western peer, though almost a century later, it took Arab-speaking children a long time to be considered a target audience. The pioneers of children's literature in the Arab world are Riffa Tahtaoui and Mohammed Othman Jalel whose books were highly didactic, as was most of the subsequent literature for children.

However, many critics argue that the real history of children literature in the Arab world dates back to the early twentieth century with Kamel Kilani (Egypt), who started by translating children's international classics in 1928 and then wrote his own books for children. Indeed, Kamel Kilani's contribution to the Arab children's bookshelf is substantial. It includes comic stories for children, adaptations from *The Arabian Nights*, chosen Indian stories, translations from Shakespeare (like *Julius*

*Caesar* , *The Merchant of Venice* , *King Lear* and *The Tempest* ), and many other stories like *Gulliver's Travels* and *Robinson Crusoe* . His contribution also includes scientific fiction and rediscoveries, old Arab stories rewritten for children and much more.

The translation of children's literature has attracted even less scholarly attention. In his *Guide to Arab Children's Literature* (1999), Faisal Al-Hajji admits that he was unable to find books published prior to the period 1950s with the exception of Kilani. Almost all the Arab countries are represented through their publishing houses. Countries like Egypt, Lebanon, Syria, Tunisia, the United Arab Emirates and Iraq, for instance, produce most of the books published for children in the Arab World. Iraq, which was strongly present in the first volume of the bibliographical guide covering the period 1950-1990, is totally absent in the two subsequent volumes covering the period 1991-1999, which coincides with the first and second Gulf Wars and the embargo years.

Today, writing for children in the Arab world has proliferated; production of children's books has become an industry with a number of and the publishing houses specializing in children's literature and many book fairs that promote such literature. According to Al-Hajji (1999) 4,582 books for children have been published between 1995 and 1999, while only 7,741 were published between 1950 and 1995. These figures show that children's literature recently received a great impetus, and as such was a new phenomenon in the Arab world. However, these figures are well below the number of books published in European countries

Moreover, a new wave of writers is emerging who support the idea that children should be able to read for mere pleasure. Faiza Nawar in her article "*Imagination in children's Fiction*"(published in Arabic), brings to the fore the role of the imagination in the development of child psychology .An illustrator of children's literature who works in various Arab countries, Nawar laments the lack of the imagination, due to "the multiple taboos and the traditional educational and religious concerns" that govern writing for children in the Arab world .Many series recently written for children are in line with this approach like *Birds are Dreaming* ( *Ahlamu Al-assafir* ), *The Little Roses* ( *Al-wurudu As-saghira* }and *The Adventures of Saad* (*Hikayatu Saad*)



Furthermore, a great many books have been written for children to give them pleasure, like the various stories from *The Thousand and One Nights* such as *Sinbad's travels*, where the focus is on adventure. This is clearly shown in the third volume of Al-Hajji's *Bibliographical Guide* where there are, for example, more than twelve series of adventure books listed which indicates that adventures and comic stories form a major part of the literature presented to Arab children. Nowadays, The Arab bookshelf for children contains series like *The Entertaining Stories*, whose main aim is, as the title shows, to entertain.

Although this tendency is becoming stronger in recent years, children's literature will remain permeated with ideology, didactics and morality because it is a true reflection of Arab societies. A quite number of classics have been translated and adapted for children to suit Arab societies and their political struggles because there is a sound conviction that children should not be spared challenges which their societies are facing.

It is concluded, then, that placing a work of literature in one category does not make sense except when we are aware of our purpose for doing so. Children's literature as a whole is based on adult decisions, adult points of view, adult likes and dislikes. However well-intentioned, far too often adults look down on their children and know best. This is a power struggle; the one who reads is the one who decides. We adults as teachers, reviewers, advertisers, book sellers, publishers, authors, illustrators, translators, and parents are all exerting power.

## IDEOLOGY

### 4.1 Definitions of Ideology

The term ideology was coined by Destutt de Tracy (1754-1836) to refer to “the radically empirical analysis of the human mind”. Since then, the emphasis on the mind remains in the twentieth century a tendency to link ideology with belief system and political persuasions.

Translation scholars who slant in favor of the political definitions of ideology mainly believe that translating itself is a political act. As Tahir-Gürçağlar (2003: 113) argues, ‘Translation is political because, both as activity and product, it displays process of negotiation among different agents. On micro-level, these agents are translators, authors, critics, publishers, editors, and readers’.

Scholars in the field of language-related, cultural and translation studies, however, often tend to extend the concept of ideology beyond political sphere and define it in a rather politically neutralized sense as ‘a set of ideas, which organize our lives and help us understand the relation to our environment’ (Calzada-Pérez, 2003). Van Dijk (1996) proposed a definition for ideology as a framework that is ‘assumed to specifically organize and monitor one form of socially shared mental representation, in other words, the organized evaluative beliefs—traditionally called ‘attitudes’—shared by social groups’.

Thompson (1990) believes that in studying ideology we may be concerned with the ways in which meaning sustains relations of class domination, but we may also be concerned with the other kinds of domination, such as the structured social relations between men and women, between one ethnic group and another, or between hegemonic nation-states and those nation-states located on the margins of a global system. Hatim and Munday (1997) see that ideology encompasses the act of assumptions, beliefs and value systems which are shared collectively by social groups. In critical linguistics, ideology is defined as the taken-for-granted assumptions, beliefs and value systems shared collectively by social groups (Simpson 1993)

## 4.2 Ideology and Translation

The exercise of ideology in translation is as old as the history of translation itself. According to Fawcett (1997), ‘throughout the centuries, individuals and institutions applied their particular beliefs to the production of certain effect in translation’. He claims that ‘an ideological approach to translation can be found in some of the earliest examples of translation known to us’.

Nevertheless, the linguistics-oriented approaches to translation studies have failed to address the concept of ideology through years of their prevalence, because such approaches are limited to their scientific models for research and the empirical data they collect, so that ‘they remain reluctant to take into account the social values (and ideologies) that enter into translating as well as the study of it’ (Venuti, 1998). The deficiency of old linguistics-based approaches – which ‘are mainly descriptive studies focusing on textual forms’ (Calzada-Pérez, 2003) – in accounting for social values in translation and other aspects of language use resulted in developing a new trend of research called Critical Discourse Analysis (CDA) ‘whose primary aim is to expose the ideological forces that underlie communicative exchanges [like translating]’ (Calzada-Pérez, 2003).

According to CDA advocates, all language use, including translation, is ideological and this means that translation is always a site for ideological encounters. Similarly, Schäffner (2003) claims that all translations are ideological since ‘the choice of a source text and the use to which the subsequent target text is put are determined by the interests, aims, and objectives of social agents’. She evidently opts for van Dijk’s definition for ideology as ‘basic systems of shared social representations that may control more specific group beliefs’ (van Dijk, 1996: 7). However, there is a profusion of diverse definitions of ideology defining the term from different perspectives – amongst them is van Dijk’s definition – some of which are deemed necessary to be overviewed here.

According to Hatim and Munday (2000) there is a distinction between “the ideology of translating” and “the translation of ideology”. They suggest that the former refers to the basic orientation by the translator operating within a social and cultural context while the latter examines the extent of mediation supplied by a

translator of a sensitive text. "Mediation "is defined as "the extent to which translators intervene in the transfer process, feeding their own knowledge and beliefs."

Thus, the notion of ideology as meaning in the service of power highlights the role language plays in establishing and sustaining socio- historically situated relations of domination. It is important to stress that the mobilization of meaning in the service of power not only sustains relations of domination, but can also establish those relations. Yet, studies have focused more and more on the role of norms, rather than any linguistic constraints, in translation. Postmodern awareness of the power struggle behind the cultural scene has, in its turn, led the way to more research in the function of ideological norms on translation. Varying from subtle manipulations to direct, blunt censorship, ideology motivated norms must have dictated the behavior of translators from the onset on fiction translation, non-fiction translation, and interpreting. In all three domains the main issue was how ideology interfered with translation, both in the process and the end-result. More specifically, how and in what conditions translation accepted, or even initiated innovation, and how, and in what conditions it rejected innovation, promoting conservation and reproduction. What ideological pressures are imposed (or self imposed) upon the translator and how these vary with time and place.

Seen in this light, the language of children's literary and non-literary texts is a very powerful socializing instrument, as Halliday (1978) emphasizes: through language a child learns about customs, hierarchies and attitudes; therefore the language of literature can promote and reinforce the adoption of these customs. Stephens (1992) maintains that every book has an implicit ideology, usually in the form of beliefs and values taken for granted in society. This taken-for-grantedness makes it difficult to reveal the underlying assumptions, because the analyst often entertains similar assumptions and values of which he is unaware.

### **4.3 Thompson's Modes of Ideology**

Thompson (1990) insightfully argues that the internal functioning of ideologies is manifested in the language and symbolism used to communicate. Accordingly, general modes of operation can be discerned and linked to typical strategies of symbolic construction. These strategies are not in themselves ideological; they have this effect only if, under certain conditions, they establish and perpetuate

relationships of domination or exploitation. We note that these are not the only symbolic constructions to have an ideological effect. Moreover, they are not linked on a one-to-one basis to the general modes of operation of ideologies. Any one of them may be used to serve a range of ideological functions, and it may happen that two or more of them combine or overlap in their functions.

These considerations can be tabulated as follows:

#### Modes of Operation of Ideology

Modes	Some typical strategies of symbolic construction
Legitimation	Rationalisation
	Universalisation
	Narrativisation
Dissimulation	Displacement
	Euphemisation
	Trope (e.g. synecdoche, metonymy, metaphor)
Unification	Standardization
	Symbolization of unity
Fragmentation	Differentiation
	Expurgation of the other
Reification	Naturalization
	Eternalisation
	Nominalization / passivisation

Without going into every detail, the following characteristics of the internal functioning of an ideology can be gleaned from a summary of Thompson's perspective:

### **4.3.1 Legitimation**

Every ideology puts forward a claim, grounded in some kind of legitimation, that it is just and worthy of support. This may be done by rationalization, the provision of a chain of reasoning which defends or justifies a set of social relationships or institutions in order to persuade an audience that the ideology is worth supporting. Institutional arrangements which serve the interests of one individual can be represented by universalisation as serving the interests of all. Such institutions are then regarded as open in principle to anyone having the ability and inclination to succeed within them.

Legitimation can also be achieved by narrativisation, in which claims to legitimacy are embedded in stories which recount the past and treat the present as part of a timeless and cherished tradition. Traditions may be invented to create a sense of belonging to a community and a history which transcends the experience of conflict, difference and division. Other story formats may include speeches, documentary and fictional films, histories, novels, everyday anecdotes, and jokes which portray our view of the world? Reinforcing by laughter that which profits us at the expense of others.

### **4.3.2 Dissimulation**

Ideologies succeed also in establishing and sustaining relationships of domination by concealing or denying them, or by representing them in a way which deflects attention from them. This mechanism can be identified as dissimulation, and like other modes of operation, can be attained by using symbolic strategies. Through the strategy of displacement something negative can easily be portrayed as positive. By euphemisation and by the figurative use of language (tropes), actions, institutions or social relationships can be described in a way which elicits a positive response.

### **4.3.3 Unification**

Relationships of domination may also be set up and carried by the mechanism of unification, by constructing at the symbolic level a form of unity which embraces individuals in a collective identity, despite factors which separate them. This is often achieved by the strategy of standardisation, such as the framework of a national language, and this may at the same time legitimise a hierarchy among languages. In a

deeply divided society, an illusion of collective identity may be created by a symbolisation of unity which overrides differences.

#### **4.3.4 Fragmentation**

This is another mode through which an ideology may operate. Instead of maintaining domination by unifying individuals in a collectivity, this mode operates by fragmenting those individuals and groups which might be capable of mounting a serious challenge to the dominant group. Such forces of potential opposition may also be neutralised by projecting them as evil, harmful or threatening. A typical strategy here would be differentiation, emphasizing the distinctions, differences and divisions between individuals or groups, those elements constituting an effective challenge to existing relationships. The same strategy can also prevent effective participation in the exercise of power. Expurgation of the other group is another strategy often effective in neutralising potential opposition by painting it as an enemy or a threat that has to be resisted or expurgated.

#### **4.3.5 Reification**

This strategy represents that which is transitory or historical as if it were permanent, a natural state of affairs outside time. This entails portraying processes as things, or as events of a quasi-natural kind, so that their social or historical character is eclipsed. This may be done by naturalisation, wherein a social institution such as the division of labour between men and women is linked to physiological characteristics. Another way is to portray this social institution as something eternal, unchanging and recurring. Both means obscure the historical origins of the social institution, creating the impression of something rigid, difficult to disrupt, and the possible end of which cannot be questioned.

Through nominalization or passivisation the fact is obscured that people are responsible and therefore must take responsibility for policies, social arrangements and actions. In language, nominalisation is achieved by changing verbs or descriptions of actions into collective nouns: for example, "the banning of imports". Passivisation occurs when verbs are rendered in the passive form, such as "the prisoner is being investigated." In both examples our attention is focused on certain themes at the expense of others. The techniques delete actors and agency and tend to represent processes as things or events which take place in the absence of a subject

who or which produces them. They also tend to delete references to specific spatial and temporal contexts, as if time were an eternal extension of the present and the location where the event takes place were not important.

#### **4.4 Hollindale's Levels of Ideology**

In a highly accessible essay, *Ideology and the Children's Book*, Peter Hollindale (1988) suggests that ideology operates at three different levels within texts:

1. Explicit ideology; being the values and beliefs with which an author consciously imbues their work. For example a story that tackles green issues will overtly beliefs about caring for the environment
2. Implicit ideology: being the unexamined values -those that the author is unaware of conveying
3. Dominant culture: being the widely accepted values of the dominant culture in a given time and place

One of the difficulties in detecting the values located in texts is that we tend to take for granted the 'truth' of our own values, so it is difficult to detect ideological content, especially when it is implicit, in texts where the values are consonant with our own. Such texts appear to express what Althus calls" obviousness".

Hollindale proposes some key questions for helping readers locate the ideology in children's books:

- What happens if the components of a text are transposed or reversed?
- What does the denouement tell us? For example, does a happy ending reaffirm values that appear to have been challenged earlier in the text?
- Are the values of a novel presented as a package - i.e. aggregated into virtue or vice or Britishness?
- Do some novels undermine the values that they superficially appear to be celebrating?
- Are desirable values associated with niceness of character? Is it true that an attractive philosophy cannot be held by an unattractive character?



- Does anyone in the story have to make a difficult choice - of behaviour, loyalties etc. in which there is more than one course of defensible action?
- Is any character shown as performing a mixture of roles? Does any character belong to more than one subculture or group?
- Who are the people who do not exist? E.g. characters who are invisible but should be present or those who are not named and only identified by a role.

Stephens (1992) argues that learning how to read against the text is as important for children as it is for adults. This ability to detect bias is implied in a number of objectives in the NLS framework. For instance, in investigating ways in which attitudes are conveyed through writing, distinguishing between fact and opinion or locating the use of persuasive devices. It is often assumed that bias is a feature of certain types of non-fiction writing, but it is also an unavoidable element of fiction and it is essential that trainees are alert to the subtle ways in which bias operates in fiction as well as non-fiction if they are to develop children's abilities as discerning and critical readers

#### **4.5 Ideology in Children's Literature**

According to Peter Hunt (1994) interest in ideology in children's literature arises from a belief that children's literary texts are "culturally formative" and of massive importance educationally, intellectually and socially. This means that a part from being entertainment and a tool for developing children's reading skills, children's literature is also an important conveyor of world knowledge, ideas, values, and accepted behaviour. However, when children's books are translated, it may be necessary to make various adjustments in order to adhere to the notions of what is good and appropriate for children, as well as what is considered the suitable level of difficulty in a given target culture.

The ideological content in a story is sometimes made explicit through clear statements of moral or ethical principles, but most often it remains implicit and thus perhaps more effective and more difficult to challenge. Maria Nikolajeva (1996) argues that "children's literature has from the very beginning been related to pedagogics" and that children's literature has always been considered as "a powerful means for educating children". The concept of didacticism is so prominent in children's

literature that translators are sometimes ready to completely change the source text in order to have the revised version serve ideological purposes.

Despite its importance as an ideological instrument, children's literature has mostly been neglected in critical linguistic research. Stephens (1992) analyses narrative techniques and intertextuality from the ideological point of view, but does not take a linguistic approach to ideology. Knowles and Malmkjær (1996), on the other hand, carry out a linguistic analysis of ideology in children's books. The translation of children's literature has attracted even less scholarly attention although these translations are bound to have a significant effect on the way children experience literature, and the language of translated texts may have some bearing on their language development and acceptance of ideas.

#### **4.6 Ideology in Children's Literature in the Arab world**

Since the concept child varies as we move geographically from Asia to Europe or Africa, the geographical move implies a much greater cultural move. Hunt (1994) asserts that concepts of childhood differ not only culturally but in units as small as the family, and they differ often inscrutably, over time. The cultural shift is very important since what a culture thinks of as childhood is reflected very closely in the books produced for its citizens. Potential experiences a child in Europe goes through are not similar to experiences lived through by an Arab child. The Arab world itself is a mosaic of various cultures that differ in religion, ethnicity, social condition, democracy level, ruling ideology, role of women and literacy level.

Politics and ideology shape to a great extent the choice of books to be translated. Syria, for example, translated a lot of Russian children's literature and this was in line with the prevailing government ideology dominated by the nationalist Baath Party with its socialist views. Lebanon, Iraq, Syria and Egypt, where various religious groups cohabit, present a mosaic of micro-cultures within the same cultural community. The literature presented to Christian minorities in these countries differs greatly in theme and register from that presented to the Muslim majority.

Al-Hajji's bibliographical work shows that children's literature in the Arab World is ideologically biased and has didactic tendencies. One basic didactic function on which all critics of children's literature agree is the spreading of Islamic moral values. There is also a tendency to make children aware of the political and

military challenges that face the Arab Nation. Historical fiction is a major part of the literature written for Arab children.

This genre has political themes like commemorating the glorious Arab past with stories about heroic Arab figures, like *The Champions of October*, *Arab Days*, and *Omar Al-Mokhtar*. We also find children's literature about local political leaders, like *Days in the Life of the Leader Saddam*. This strong political trend in children's literature in the Arab world could, understandably, be explained by the tumultuous political events the region has experienced and the challenges the Arab countries have had to face. Moreover, children's literature in the Arab world is a powerful political propaganda tool in the hands of politicians and decision-makers.

Generally speaking, TL (target language) texts are easily accepted if their ideology is the same as or similar to that of their readers. They are not only shared by readers with similar ideologies, ideas and experiences, but also encouraged by the authorities since they can act as a tool to strengthen the dominant ideology. Yet, not all translators agree with the dominant ideology and support it. Some may be dissatisfied with it and “choose to oppose the system, to try to operate outside its constraints by rewriting works of literature in such a manner that they do not fit in with the dominant poetics or ideology of a given time and place” (Lefevere 1992b:13). Or just as Lefevere (1988-1989:65) said, “Those who feel unhappy with the ideology and/or the poetics of their own system will plan to use (rewrite) elements taken from the other system to further their own ends”.

## THE ANALYSIS

### 5.1 Methodology:

As children's literature was born, a great conflict arose: should children's books be written simply for pleasure and enjoyment or should they necessarily teach? For centuries stories, especially classics, held morals and lessons of certain eras. Yet, reading such pieces of arts is in itself is a story, and translating them into another language with another culture is definitely a different story.

Translating children's literature is believed to be a convenient methodological tool for studying norms of writing for children. In fact, the discussion of translated texts is even more fruitful than that of original texts because translational norms expose more clearly the constraints imposed on a text that enters the children's system. This is true because in transferring the text from the source into the target system translators are forced to take into account systemic constraints.

When children's books are translated, it may be necessary to make various adjustments in order to adhere to the notions of what is good and appropriate for children, as well as what is considered the suitable level of difficulty in a given target culture. Unlike contemporary translators of adult books, the translator of children's literature can permit himself great liberties regarding the text, as a result of the peripheral position of children's literature within the literary polysystem, that is, the translator is permitted to manipulate the text in various ways by changing, enlarging, or abridging it or by deleting or adding to it.

Nevertheless, all these translational procedures are permitted only if conditioned by the translator's adherence to the following two principles on which translation for children is based:

- An adjustment of the text to make it appropriate and useful to the child, in accordance with what society regards (at a certain point in time) as educationally "good for the child"
- An adjustment of plot, characterization, and language to prevailing society's perceptions of the child's ability to read and comprehend..

These two principles, rooted in the self-image of children's literature, have had different hierarchal relations in different periods. Thus, for instance, as long as the

concept of didactic children's literature prevailed, the first principle, based on the understanding of children's literature as a tool for education, was dominant. Nowadays, the emphasis differs; although to a certain degree the first principle still dictates the character of the translations, the second principle that of adjusting the text to the child's level of comprehension is more dominant.

In any case, these usually complementary principles determine each stage of the translation process. They dictate decisions concerned with the textual selection procedure (which texts will be chosen for translation), as well as with permissible manipulation. They also serve as the basis for the systemic affiliation of the text. But most important of all, in order to be accepted as a translated text for children, to be affiliated with the children's system, the final translated product must adhere to these two principles, or at least not violate them.

In this chapter, the short-story collection *Just So Stories* by Rudyard Kipling, one of the classics that dates back to the Victorian Age, will be analyzed in an attempt to prove that ideology can creep to a very young age and that children's literature is not as innocent as it may seem.

The selected sample is mainly written for children 4-8 for didacticism and fun. It is a dozen fables that teach morals in an enjoyable way. It is a story that call children to imagine the extraordinary, to believe the impossible, to experience the unfamiliar, and to see themselves in the lives of the characters.

However, a meticulous analysis reveals religious and political implications which hold masonry, racism and imperialism. To understand such implications, it is essential to "re-contextualize the text by macro-analyzing aspects of text constitution" (Hatim1997) including the author, the type of the text and the title

## **5.2 Text Constituents**

### **5.2.1 The Author**

Joseph Rudyard Kipling (1865– 1936), born in India, is the first English short-story writer, poet, and novelist who won Noble Prize in 1907. He is the logical beginning point for a study of empire and imperialism in children's books. His lifetime roughly coincides with the span of children's literature considered here and his writings consciously dealt with the anxieties and ambiguities of empire, reflected

by other children's texts as well .He returned to India from England in 1882 to work as a journalist . His poems and stories laid the foundation of his literary reputation, and soon after his return to London in 1889 he found himself world -famous.

Throughout his life, his works enjoyed great acclaim and popularity, but he came to seem increasingly controversial because of his political opinions, and it has been difficult to reach literary judgments unclouded by partisan feeling .It is noteworthy that Kipling's inclusion grows out of his interests in secret societies, and particularly in the Freemasons, of which he had been a member since his youth in Lahore.

### **5.2.2 The Story**

*Just So Stories* (1902) was begun during Kipling's stay in America .It is unique among Kipling's works, because he uses four different modes: stories, poems, drawings and explanatory captions to the full-page illustrations, giving suggested answers (such as the names of the animals) to questions a child might ask as "*How the Elephant Got Its Trunk,*" "*How the Rhinoceros Got Its Skin,*" and "*How the Leopard Got Its Spots.*"

The majority of the stories are based out of India where Kipling grew up and spent quite a bit of time at. Many of the stories are addressed to "Best Beloved" because they were first written for Kipling's eldest daughter, Josephine, who had died during an outbreak of influenza in 1899. Lessons are in the stories but they are tenderly given and seem quite practical advice and never overwhelm the pleasure of the tale.

Yet ,these stories with their illustrations focus on the ways in which British children's literature incorporate and encourage British imperialism which certainly reflect the author's imperialism who did more than any other "to draw tighter the bonds of union between England and her colonies." (Brunner 1992).Kipling's collection is not in fact a fantasy about idealized relationships between nature and childhood, but between idealized relationships between colonizers and colonized.

### **5.2.3 The Title**

The story got its title simply because" they were bedtimes stories that had to be told "just so" without variation, if they were to lull the listener to sleep," Kipling

claims “There is no intended meaning for calling it so”. However, the individual titles of the dozen fables, which were chosen from different cultures, have further implications. For example, “the Camel “is taken from a Muslim legend, where as”the Elephant’s Child” is derived from the African culture. Such titles represent a nation and a way of life and thus, the title is not “just a title”.

### 5.3 Discourse Analysis

The following analysis examines the ST *Just So Stories* and its TT Arabic translation *دموع التماسيح* regarding the ideological implications and the translator’s strategies to manipulate the text.

The translator does not seem to be satisfied with rendering the ST title *Just So Stories* simply as *مجرد قصص*. Had he adopted literal translation, the TT title would not have been sufficiently interest-arousing for Arab children to buy or read. Thus, he went for domestication and adjusted the title into *دموع التماسيح*.

Surprisingly enough, this new title is not a title of any of the twelve stories but an incident in the first story where the crocodile shed tears. His decision is based on the fact that *دموع التماسيح* is a common collocation in Arabic denoting ‘falsehood’. However, this title does not represent the whole collection. A suggested title would be *من الخيال للأطفال حكايات* which preserves both the authenticity and skopos of the translation

#### 5.3.1 Ideological Implications and the Adopted Strategies

##### 5.3.1.1 Religious Implications

As religion is considered one of the taboos, the translator opts for adaptation, or as Venuti calls it “domesticating”, to manipulate such texts. In the last story, **The Butterfly that Stamped**, which is about “**Prophet Suliman Bin Daoud**”, the translator decided to go for domestication and changed the name into “**King Basil**”.

The ST tells a story which fits our beliefs regarding Prophet Suliman who is known in all religions for his wisdom and his unlimited power in controlling the three worlds, the lower the upper and here, and for his extraordinary miracle in talking to and understanding animals.

Yet, the translator’s decision can be justified if we compare the ST story with the original story in religious sources. ST reads:

King Suliman heard a butterfly threatening his wife 'I wonder at your presumption in talking like this to me. Don't you know that if I stamped with my foot all Suleiman-bin-Daoud's Palace and this garden here would immediately vanish in a clap of thunder.

The original story reads as:

روي ان سليمان عليه السلام رأى عصفورا يقول لعصفورة : لِمَ تمنعين نفسك مني ؟ ولو شئت أخذت قبة سليمان بمنقاري فألقيتها في البحر ، فتبسم سليمان عليه السلام من كلامه ، ثم دعاها وقال للعصفور : أتطيعك ان تفعل ذلك ؟ فقال : لا يا رسول الله ، ولكن المرء قد يزين نفسه ويعظمها عند زوجته ، والمحب لا يلام على ما يقول . فقال سليمان عليه السلام للعصفورة : لِمَ تمنعيني من نفسك وهو يحبك ؟ فقالت : يا نبي الله انه ليس محبا ولكنه مدع ، لانه يحب معي غيري

(<http://www.holykarbala.net/books/akhlaq/hekam>)

In addition to this invalid story, ST claims that King Suliman married 1000 wives including Balkis which no religious sources have confirmed. Thus, the translator finds himself obliged to change the name to avoid speaking ill of something sacred. It would have been better to keep the original name since the whole collection is imaginary and thus untruthful.

Another adaptation can be spotted in **The Sing -Song of Old Man Kangaroo** where **Little God Nqa** is used to refer to the Indian Cobra which is believed to be so powerful and viewed as "godling" who is capable of creation and performing miracles. Since this is against the TT religious belief, the translator adjusted the word into **الحاكم الصغير نكا**

However, some religious texts are easily manipulated by deletion. In the story **How the Leopard Got his Spots**, the word **Brother**, which connotes racism and masonism, is deleted as shown in the following extract:

So they sat down on them hard till bright morning- time and the leopard said," what have you at your end of the table, **Brother?**"

The Ethiopian scratched his head and said," it ought to be scclusively a rich fulvous orange- tawny from head to heel , and it ought to be giraffe; but it is covered all over with chestnut blotches. What have you at your end of the table, **Brother?**"

وهكذا جلسا عليهما بعناء حتى الصباح ، ثم قال النمر : "ماذا لديك يا أخي على حافة مائدتك؟" حك الأثيوبي رأسه و قال : " لا بد انه حيوان مرقط بلون برتقالي يميل إلى البني يغطيه من الرأس إلى



A macro-ideology representing racism is clear in the above extract. The Ethiopian represents the Blacks or Negroes and is viewed as an animal by the combination of the two by using **Brother** which implies that the Ethiopian and the leopard are both savage and cruel.

A micro-ideology is introducing Freemasonry principles. Members of Freemasonry usually address each other as **Brother**, a title which emphasizes human brotherhood regardless of race, creed, or nation. A Freemason lodge in India at the time Kipling was a member might include Anglo-Indians, Muslims, Jews, Hindus, and others, all of whom shared a kind of fraternal equality within the lodge walls, although this equality did not necessarily extend outside the walls.

Yet, the translator's decision to delete **Brother** in the second part is unsuccessful, though justified. The TT suppresses racism due to the religious belief that all people are equal and there is no difference between **Blacks** and **Whites**.

Deletion can be done on the level of a word as in the above example, or phrase or even a whole sentence as shown in the following extract:

Yes, I can go if you take me -Nurse says she don't care

Lets go up to **the pig- sites** and sit on the farmyard rails.

Lets say things to the bunnies and watch em skitter their tails

Lets oh anything, daddy, so long as its you and me

نعم، أستطيع الذهاب لو انك أخذتني- قالت المربية انها لا تهتم،

دعونا نقول للأرانب الصغيرة أشياء،

و نراقبها و هي تجر أذيالها مسرعة!

دعنا، يا أبى، نذهب أنت وأنا

The second sentence is completely deleted in TT as it contains the word **pig** which is considered as religious taboo. This deletion is unsuccessful. The translator could either keep it, as it is known in TT religion that eating pork is allowed in other

cultures, or he could simply replace it with something common like (الحظيرة) which is used for animals in general and thus preserve the cohesion of the Ballade.

Yet, some religious implications are difficult to manipulate by adaptation or deletion, therefore the translator simply opts for literal translation like in the following examples:

**Raja Moyang Kaban**, the king of the elephants, his legs is made muddy.

**Raja Abdullah**, the king of the crocodiles, his mouth is filled with the salt water.

وتغرق قوائم راجا مويانغ كابان ملك الفيلة في الوحل

ويمتلئ فم راجا عبد الله ملك التماسيح بالمياه المالحة

Moyang Kaban represents the Hindu and Abdullah represents the Muslim who rebelled against British in the Indian Mutiny of 1857. This was due to the ammunition for a new kind of rifle which was suspected by sepoy soldiers of being greased with cow and pork fat. This was bad enough for observant Hindi and Muslims who took revenge for their religion and killed many British soldiers. The above extracts refer to the result of the Mutiny which was finally put down in 1858 and the British government took sole control of the government in India. The literal translation explicates imperialism and implicates the religious view.

Another embedded example is taken from, **How the Rhinoceros Got His Skin**, which indicates a hidden religious attack on Zoroastrian, a monotheistic religion descended from the Persians, now found in Western India:

For the **Parsee** never ate anything but cake, **and never swept out his camp**

لان البارسى لم يكن يأكل سوى الكعك ولم ينظف خيمته أبدا

**Parsee** is a member of Zoroastrians who do not enjoy a respectable life in India. 40% of Parsis in Bombay - a city where they could once boast they had no beggars are on the verge of poverty, and there is a growing problem of drug addiction among the young. There is some evidence, too, that they have particularly high incidences of mental illness and hemophilia, both perhaps exacerbated by their defensiveness as a community and some degree of inbreeding. The literal translation preserves the intended irony.

### 5.3.1.2 Political Implications

As mentioned earlier, Kipling is the logical beginning point for a study of empire and imperialism in children's books. Therefore, it is natural to find that politics is a dominant issue where his attitudes are implicitly expressed through the story.

The use of **Raja** in **The Crab That Played with the Sea** is highly imperialistic. It connotes British Rule in India, known immortally as the **British Raj**, which was a result of the Victorian era's infusion of British liberal philosophy in colonial policy and social governance with that of the diverse, regional, religious and princely regimes that defined the Indian mosaic.

Kipling's interest in empire was not limited to the British role in India. He was also interested in the reasons behind Britain's rise to imperial power, in the essential nature of the Briton that underlay British world supremacy. This nature is well- expressed in the following Ballade from **How the First Letter Was Written**

Here when they heard the horse-bells ring

The ancient **Britons dressed and rode**

To watch **the dark Phoenicians** bring

Their goods a long the Western Road

في هذا المكان كان البريطانيون القدماء يرتدون ملابسهم و يركبون أحصنتهم

عندما يسمعون صوت أجراس الخيول

ليراقبوا الفينيقيين السمر يحضرون

بضائعهم عبر الشارع الغربي.

The above ballade displays **Britons** as superior, well-dressed and riding their horses in contrast to **the dark Phoenicians** who are viewed as slaves working for the **Britons'** interest. This, of course, is the major way Britain gained so much of her empire, through commerce rather than through warfare. The translation kept the implied imperialism by using the word **السمر** instead of **السود**

The whole story of imperialism is summed up in **The Cat that Walked by Himself** which is about domesticating **wild animals** .They represent **India** and the

**Woman** represents, **Britain**, who used every possible clever and cunning means to achieve her goals. The following extract clearly shows this policy:

The woman said," Wild Thing out of the Wild Woods, help my Man to hunt through the day and guard this Cave at night and I will give you as many roast bones as you need".

This story, among all of the collection, spells out a moral concerning imperialism most clearly and unambiguously. It concerns domesticated animals that serve humankind but lack independent lives of their own. All of the animals, whether indigenous to India or to the West, are in a lower "caste" than all of the humans in the story, because they are in servitude to humans. The story is appealing for its brief, evocative sketching of the personalities of the various animals and their relationships with one another, and appealing especially to children because of the conceit that animals can talk among themselves, and occasionally humans are lucky enough to overhear, understand and talk to them — a conceit quite common in writing for children. But the story also functions as an allegory of imperialism. Kipling quite carefully orders his animals in a hierarchy that is dependent upon birth and upon caste, and emphasizes that convincing others to obey orders is at the heart of successful governments. This government, represented by woman, was able to subdue all her subjects to serve her cleverly depending on mutual interest of which she is the winner.

The translation of the above extract preserved the intended imperliasm .

فقالَت المرأة: "يا أيها الحيوان المتوحش القادم من الغابات الموحشة ساعد زوجي في الصيد أثناء النهار واحرس لي هذا الكهف في الليل وإنني سوف أعطيك ما تحتاجه من هذه العظام المشوية."

A broader view of imperialism is shown in **How the Camel Got His Hump** where it stretches to the Arab world as part of the British Emperor .Although the following extract praises the camel, as the gold of Arabia, it has deeper implications shown at the end of the story:

The story is an illusion of the embedded irony of the East. **The Camel** is a representative of that element of **Orientalism** which Edward Said described as "subtle and persistent Eurocentric prejudice against Arabo-Islamic peoples and their culture." While the Horse, the Dog and the Ox represent the civilized *West*. The camel is linked

with the dark and mysterious aspects of the Oriental “*otherness*”; *dullness* of mind and a lack of individuality who behaves in ways that link him with concrete historical conditions Stereotypical portrayals of the Orient.

According to Said (1994), 'This hierarchy is created by privileging one principle, the "self" over its opposite or its "Other." Through a similar system of binary oppositions between the ruler and the ruled, Kipling creates unequal dichotomies in which the former becomes the privileged signifier, i.e., the "self" and the latter its "Other" in opposition to whom the self asserts its own privileged position.'

This view is summed up at the end of the story:

And from that day to this day the camel always wears a hump;but he never yet caught up with the three days that he missed at the beginning of that world and he has never yet learned how to behave

The translator tries to explicate his sense of discontent through the translation of the first extract as:

**Whew!** Said the Djinn whistling that’s my camel for all the gold in Arabia

فقال الجنى وهو يصفر "أوف" انه جملي! وهو يساوي كل الذهب في الصحراء العربية

The rendering of **whew** as **وف** which is used in TT to express complain and dissatisfaction, is a successful attempt to deliver the hidden message.

On the surface, *Just So Stories* seems very different from Kipling's other work. It does not give us the sharp, satirical voice of the Anglo-Indian tales, the realistic treatment of social intercourse or psychic torment .It is closer in tone perhaps to Kipling's idealistic treatments of Empire, such as "William the Conqueror". But it does embody values that are familiar: a belief in law, in the strength that community provides, in the importance of work as a contribution to the general good and a stabilizing force in one's own life, in the iron command of duty and sometimes of sacrifice, and in the belief that the English are inheritors of a tradition that will outlast the individual. Even within his children's books, in fantasy and allegory, Kipling still strikes to the heart of the lonely human condition, a concern, though changing in fictional presentation that never diminishes in his work.

Nevertheless, whether it is cultural imperialism or emergent nationalism, whether it is carried out for reasons of propriety or for educational purposes, depends on the situation .Children are constantly exposed to conflicting and confusing messages about values and attitudes in a rapidly-changing high-tech world. In such a context the role of stories whether told or written becomes even more crucial in helping children discriminate and make informed choices at every stage in their lives.

## CONCLUSION

The various themes and points of view, as well as the highly interesting discussions they stimulated, contributed to the mutual recognition of the importance of Children's Literature. And though they could obviously offer no more than a fleeting glance, some insight was gained into the cultural role of translation as a vehicle of innovation and reproduction, with the underlying ideological dilemmas involved.

The present dissertation rests on the theoretical premise that children's literature is a polymorphous and heterogeneous phenomenon that arises as a result of intercultural communication which implies a certain ideology that needs to be canonized by the translator according to the norms of the target language readers.

According to Shavit (1986), the so-called "translator's canon" is based not only (and not so much) in the fact that "unlike contemporary translator of adult books, the translator of children's literature can permit himself great liberties regarding the text, as a result of the peripheral position of children's literature within the literary polysystem" ,but also in adhering to social conventions concerning children's literature: translation (as process and result) must take into account, first, the abilities of a child-reader, and second, the educational ideals of the society in

Despite this peripheral position, children's literature plays manifold role as an educational, social and ideological instrument .Apart from being a tool for entertainment and developing children's reading skills, it is also an important conveyor of world knowledge, ideas, values, and accepted behaviour .This concept of literature as a didactic instrument for unequivocal values or for a certain ideology in children literature is so powerful that translators are ready to completely change the source text in order to have the revised version serve ideological purposes.

As children's literature becomes less conspicuously didactic in the western countries, ideology is most often now realized as implicit assumptions and values underlying the writers linguistic choice .This could be conveyed through micro-linguistic strategies involving single words and phrases and macro- linguistic strategies involving a clause or more. Yet, the simplest manipulation of the text is done by deleting undesirable element or whole paragraphs.

In addition to deletion, the translator of children's literature can manipulate the text in various ways by changing, enlarging, or abridging it or adding to it. Thus, the translation of children's literature tends to relate the text to existing models in the target system because of the system's tendency to accept only the conventional and the well known. If the model of the original does not exist in the target system, the text is changed by deleting or by adding such elements as will adjust it to the integrating model of the target system. This phenomenon also existed in the past in various adult literatures, although long after it ceased to be prevalent in the adult canonized system, it still remained prominent in children's literature

Obviously the literature presented for children is bound to the norms of the society. Studies have shown that religion, governments, parents, publishers, child images, writers and translators play a major role in deciding which literature to produce for children. If we listen to the story that a vast amount of children's literature is telling today, we will hear that childhood is no longer the high point of life. It is no longer portrayed as an ultimate space of freedom, but as a space of restriction.

Without a doubt, this is in large part a reflection of the current state of the world. In an increasingly urban society, with a concurrently increasing decline in supportive familial relations, the innocence of childhood has become a far too precious commodity. For children today, there is no escaping the reality of the world around them. All too often, the hoped-for innocence of childhood is interrupted with all-too-real responsibilities. Childhood may never again be the time of wonder, of guiltless exploration, of unquestioned stability that it was long ago.

Future research, then, is recommended to avoid or overcome ideologies by moving beyond what they say on the surface and looking at the effects achieved by them. Publishers, teachers, parents and all concerned with children's books have to overcome their own biases and be open to such books. Moreover, children should be stimulated to search for knowledge that could supply them with the capabilities for valid judgments. If we can help children make valid judgments, then they themselves will define child culture rather than having other artificial mediums controlling their world.



But a word of caution here. We should not fall into the trap of promoting books too obviously out to open children's eyes to the problems of society and human relationships, producing correct thinking documentaries rather than literature. After all, we know what we say, and we know what we do, but we tend to neglect what the thing we say says and what the thing we do does.

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**APPENDIX A**  
**JUST SO STORIES**

## HOW THE CAMEL GOT HIS HUMP

NOW this is the next tale, and it tells how the Camel got his big hump.

In the beginning of years, when the world was so new and all, and the Animals were just beginning to work for Man, there was a Camel, and he lived in the middle of a Howling Desert because he did not want to work; and besides, he was a Howler himself. So he ate sticks and thorns and tamarisks and milkweed and prickles, most 'scruciating idle; and when anybody spoke to him he said 'Humph!' Just 'Humph!' and no more.

Presently the Horse came to him on Monday morning, with a saddle on his back and a bit in his mouth, and said, 'Camel, O Camel, come out and trot like the rest of us.'

'Humph!' said the Camel; and the Horse went away and told the Man.

Presently the Dog came to him, with a stick in his mouth, and said, 'Camel, O Camel, come and fetch and carry like the rest of us.'

'Humph!' said the Camel; and the Dog went away and told the Man.

Presently the Ox came to him, with the yoke on his neck and said, 'Camel, O Camel, come and plough like the rest of us.'

'Humph!' said the Camel; and the Ox went away and told the Man.

At the end of the day the Man called the Horse and the Dog and the Ox together, and said, 'Three, O Three, I'm very sorry for you (with the world so new-and-all); but that Humph-thing in the Desert can't work, or he would have been here by now, so I am going to leave him alone, and you must work double-time to make up for it.'

That made the Three very angry (with the world so new-and-all), and they held a palaver, and an *indaba*, and a *punchayet*, and a pow-wow on the edge of the Desert; and the Camel came chewing on milkweed *most*

'scruciating idle, and laughed at them. Then he said 'Humph!' and went away again.

Presently there came along the Djinn in charge of All Deserts, rolling in a cloud of dust (Djinns always travel that way because it is Magic), and he stopped to palaver and pow-pow with the Three

'Djinn of All Deserts,' said the Horse, 'is it right for any one to be idle, with the world so new-and-all?'

'Certainly not,' said the Djinn.

'Well,' said the Horse, 'there's a thing in the middle of your Howling Desert (and he's a Howler himself) with a long neck and long legs, and he hasn't done a stroke of work since Monday morning. He won't trot.'

'Whew!' said the Djinn, whistling, 'that's my Camel, for all the gold in Arabia! What does he say about it?'

'He says "Humph!"' said the Dog; 'and he won't fetch and carry.'

'Does he say anything else?'

'Only "Humph!"; and he won't plough,' said the Ox.

'Very good,' said the Djinn. 'I'll humph him if you will kindly wait a minute.'

The Djinn rolled himself up in his dust-cloak, and took a bearing across the desert, and found the Camel most 'scruciatingly idle, looking at his own reflection in a pool of water.

'My long and bubbling friend,' said the Djinn, 'what's this I hear of your doing no work, with the world so new-and-all?'

'Humph!' said the Camel.

The Djinn sat down, with his chin in his hand, and began to think a Great Magic, while the Camel looked at his own reflection in the pool of water.

'You've given the Three extra work ever since Monday morning, all on account of your 'scruciating idleness,' said the Djinn; and he went on thinking Magics, with his chin in his hand.

'Humph!' said the Camel.

'I shouldn't say that again if I were you,' said the Djinn; 'you might say it once too often. Bubbles, I want you to work.'

And the Camel said 'Humph!' again; but no sooner had he said it than he saw his back, that he was so proud of, puffing up and puffing up into a great big lolloping humph.

'Do you see that?' said the Djinn. 'That's your very own humph that you've brought upon your very own self by not working. To-day is Thursday, and you've done no work since Monday, when the work began. Now you are going to work.'

'How can I,' said the Camel, 'with this humph on my back?'

'That's made a-purpose,' said the Djinn, 'all because you missed those three days. You will be able to work now for three days without eating, because you can live on your humph; and don't you ever say I never did anything for you. Come out of the Desert and go to the Three, and behave. Humph yourself!'

And the Camel humphed himself, humph and all, and went away to join the Three. And from that day to this the Camel always wears a humph (we call it 'hump' now, not to hurt his feelings); but he has never yet caught up with the three days that he missed at the beginning of the world, and he has never yet learned how to behave.



THE Camel's hump is an ugly lump  
Which well you may see at the Zoo;  
But uglier yet is the hump we get  
From having too little to do.

Kiddies and grown-ups too-oo-oo,  
If we haven't enough to do-oo-oo,  
We get the hump--  
Cameelious hump--  
The hump that is black and blue!

We climb out of bed with a frouzly head  
And a snarly-yarly voice.  
We shiver and scowl and we grunt and we growl  
At our bath and our boots and our toys;

And there ought to be a corner for me  
(And I know there is one for you)  
When we get the hump--  
Cameelious hump--  
The hump that is black and blue!

The cure for this ill is not to sit still,  
Or frowst with a book by the fire;  
But to take a large hoe and a shovel also,  
And dig till you gently perspire;

And then you will find that the sun and the wind,  
And the Djinn of the Garden too,  
Have lifted the hump--  
The horrible hump--  
The hump that is black and blue!

I get it as well as you-oo-oo--  
If I haven't enough to do-oo-oo--  
We all get hump--  
Cameelious hump--  
Kiddies and grown-ups too!

## HOW THE RHINOCEROS GOT HIS SKIN

ONCE upon a time, on an uninhabited island on the shores of the Red Sea, there lived a Parsee from whose hat the rays of the sun were reflected in more-than-oriental splendour. And the Parsee lived by the Red Sea with nothing but his hat and his knife and a cooking-stove of the kind that you must particularly never touch. And one day he took flour and water and currants and plums and sugar and things, and made himself one cake which was two feet across and three feet thick. It was indeed a Superior Comestible (that's magic), and he put it on the stove because he was allowed to cook on that stove, and he baked it and he baked it till it was all done brown and smelt most sentimental. But just as he was going to eat it there came down to the beach from the Altogether Uninhabited Interior one Rhinoceros with a horn on his nose, two piggy eyes, and few manners. In those days the Rhinoceros's skin fitted him quite tight. There were no wrinkles in it anywhere. He looked exactly like a Noah's Ark Rhinoceros, but of course much bigger. All the same, he had no manners then, and he has no manners now, and he never will have any manners. He said, 'How!' and the Parsee left that cake and climbed to the top of a palm tree with nothing on but his hat, from which the rays of the sun were always reflected in more-than-oriental splendour. And the Rhinoceros upset the oil-stove with his nose, and the cake rolled on the sand, and he spiked that cake on the horn of his nose, and he ate it, and he went away, waving his tail, to the desolate and Exclusively Uninhabited Interior which abuts on the islands of Mazanderan, Socotra, and the Promontories of the Larger Equinox. Then the Parsee came down from his palm-tree and put the stove on its legs and recited the following Sloka, which, as you have not heard, I will now proceed to relate:--

Them that takes cakes  
Which the Parsee-man bakes  
Makes dreadful mistakes

And there was a great deal more in that than you would think.

Because, five weeks later, there was a heat wave in the Red Sea, and everybody took off all the clothes they had. The Parsee took off his hat; but the Rhinoceros took off his skin and carried it over his shoulder as he came down to the beach to bathe. In those days it buttoned underneath with three buttons and looked like a waterproof. He said nothing whatever about the Parsee's cake, because he had eaten it all; and he never had any manners, then, since, or henceforward. He waddled straight into the water and blew bubbles through his nose, leaving his skin on the beach.

Presently the Parsee came by and found the skin, and he smiled one smile that ran all round his face two times. Then he danced three times round the skin and rubbed his hands. Then he went to his camp and filled his hat with cake-crumbs, for the Parsee never ate anything but cake, and never swept out his camp. He took that skin, and he shook that skin, and he scrubbed that skin, and he rubbed that skin just as full of old, dry, stale, tickly cake-crumbs and some burned currants as ever it could possibly hold. Then he climbed to the top of his palm-tree and waited for the Rhinoceros to come out of the water and put it on.

And the Rhinoceros did. He buttoned it up with the three buttons, and it tickled like cake crumbs in bed. Then he wanted to scratch, but that made it worse; and then he lay down on the sands and rolled and rolled and rolled, and every time he rolled the cake crumbs tickled him worse and worse and worse. Then he ran to the palm-tree and rubbed and rubbed and rubbed himself against it. He rubbed so much and so hard that he rubbed his skin into a great fold over his shoulders, and another fold underneath, where the buttons used to be (but he rubbed the buttons off), and he rubbed some more folds over his legs. And it spoiled his temper, but it didn't make the least difference to the cake-crumbs. They were inside his skin and they tickled. So he went home, very angry indeed and horribly scratchy; and from that day to this every rhinoceros has great folds in his skin and a very bad temper, all on account of the cake-crumbs inside.

But the Parsee came down from his palm-tree, wearing his hat, from which the rays of the sun were reflected in more-than-oriental splendour, packed up his cooking-stove, and went away in the direction of Orotavo, Amygdala, the Upland Meadows of Anantarivo, and the Marshes of Sonaput.

THIS Uninhabited Island  
Is off Cape Gardafui,  
By the Beaches of Socotra  
And the Pink Arabian Sea:  
But it's hot--too hot from Suez  
For the likes of you and me  
Ever to go  
In a P. and O.  
And call on the Cake-Parsee!

## HOW THE LEOPARD GOT HIS SPOTS

IN the days when everybody started fair, Best Beloved, the Leopard lived in a place called the High Veldt. 'Member it wasn't the Low Veldt, or the Bush Veldt, or the Sour Veldt, but the 'sclusively bare, hot, shiny High Veldt, where there was sand and sandy-coloured rock and 'sclusively tufts of sandy- yellowish grass. The Giraffe and the Zebra and the Eland and the Koodoo and the Hartebeest lived there; and they were 'sclusively sandy-yellow-brownish all over; but the Leopard, he was the 'sclusivest sandiest-yellowish-brownest of them all--a greyish-yellowish catty-shaped kind of beast, and he matched the 'sclusively yellowish-greyish-brownish colour of the High Veldt to one hair. This was very bad for the Giraffe and the Zebra and the rest of them; for he would lie down by a 'sclusively yellowish-greyish-brownish stone or clump of grass, and when the Giraffe or the Zebra or the Eland or the Koodoo or the Bush-Buck or the Bonte-Buck came by he would surprise them out of their jumpsome lives. He would indeed! And, also, there was an Ethiopian with bows and arrows (a 'sclusively greyish-brownish-yellowish man he was then), who lived on the High Veldt with the Leopard; and the two used to hunt together--the Ethiopian with his bows and arrows, and the Leopard 'sclusively with his teeth and claws--till the Giraffe and the Eland and the Koodoo and the Quagga and all the rest of them didn't know which way to jump, Best Beloved. They didn't indeed!

After a long time--things lived for ever so long in those days--they learned to avoid anything that looked like a Leopard or an Ethiopian; and bit by bit--the Giraffe began it, because his legs were the longest--they went away from the High Veldt. They scuttled for days and days and days till they came to a great forest, 'sclusively full of trees and bushes and stripy, speckly, patchy-blatchy shadows, and there they hid: and after another long time, what with standing half in the shade and half out of it, and what with the slippery-slidy shadows of the trees falling on them, the Giraffe grew blotchy, and the Zebra grew stripy, and the Eland and the Koodoo grew darker, with little wavy grey lines on their backs like bark on a tree trunk; and so, though you could hear them and smell them, you could very seldom see them, and then only when you knew precisely where to look. They had a beautiful time in the 'sclusively speckly-spickly shadows of the forest, while the Leopard and the Ethiopian ran about over the 'sclusively greyish-yellowish-reddish High Veldt outside, wondering where

all their breakfasts and their dinners and their teas had gone. At last they were so hungry that they ate rats and beetles and rock-rabbits, the Leopard and the Ethiopian, and then they had the Big Tummy-ache, both together; and then they met Baviaan--the dog-headed, barking Baboon, who is Quite the Wisest Animal in All South Africa.

Said Leopard to Baviaan (and it was a very hot day), 'Where has all the game gone?'

And Baviaan winked. He knew.

Said the Ethiopian to Baviaan, 'Can you tell me the present habitat of the aboriginal Fauna?' (That meant just the same thing, but the Ethiopian always used long words. He was a grown-up.)

And Baviaan winked. He knew.

Then said Baviaan, 'The game has gone into other spots; and my advice to you, Leopard, is to go into other spots as soon as you can.'

And the Ethiopian said, 'That is all very fine, but I wish to know whither the aboriginal Fauna has migrated.'

Then said Baviaan, 'The aboriginal Fauna has joined the aboriginal Flora because it was high time for a change; and my advice to you, Ethiopian, is to change as soon as you can.'

That puzzled the Leopard and the Ethiopian, but they set off to look for the aboriginal Flora, and presently, after ever so many days, they saw a great, high, tall forest full of tree trunks all 'sclusively speckled and sprottled and spottled, dotted and splashed and slashed and hatched and cross-hatched with shadows. (Say that quickly aloud, and you will see how very shadowy the forest must have been.)

'What is this,' said the Leopard, 'that is so 'sclusively dark, and yet so full of little pieces of light?'

'I don't know,' said the Ethiopian, 'but it ought to be the aboriginal Flora. I can smell Giraffe, and I can hear Giraffe, but I can't see Giraffe.'

'That's curious,' said the Leopard. 'I suppose it is because we have just come in out of the sunshine. I can smell Zebra, and I can hear Zebra, but I can't see Zebra.'

'Wait a bit,' said the Ethiopian. 'It's a long time since we've hunted 'em. Perhaps we've forgotten what they were like.'

'Fiddle!' said the Leopard. 'I remember them perfectly on the High Veldt, especially their marrow-bones. Giraffe is about seventeen feet high, of a 'clusively fulvous golden-yellow from head to heel; and Zebra is about four and a half feet high, of a 'clusively grey-fawn colour from head to heel.'

'Umm,' said the Ethiopian, looking into the speckly-spickly shadows of the aboriginal Flora-forest. 'Then they ought to show up in this dark place like ripe bananas in a smokehouse.'

But they didn't. The Leopard and the Ethiopian hunted all day; and though they could smell them and hear them, they never saw one of them.

'For goodness' sake,' said the Leopard at tea-time, 'let us wait till it gets dark. This daylight hunting is a perfect scandal.'

So they waited till dark, and then the Leopard heard something breathing sniffily in the starlight that fell all stripy through the branches, and he jumped at the noise, and it smelt like Zebra, and it felt like Zebra, and when he knocked it down it kicked like Zebra, but he couldn't see it. So he said, 'Be quiet, O you person without any form. I am going to sit on your head till morning, because there is something about you that I don't understand.'

Presently he heard a grunt and a crash and a scramble, and the Ethiopian called out, 'I've caught a thing that I can't see. It smells like Giraffe, and it kicks like Giraffe, but it hasn't any form.'

'Don't you trust it,' said the Leopard. 'Sit on its head till the morning--same as me. They haven't any form--any of 'em.'

So they sat down on them hard till bright morning-time, and then Leopard said, 'What have you at your end of the table, Brother?'

The Ethiopian scratched his head and said, 'It ought to be 'sclusively a rich fulvous orange-tawny from head to heel, and it ought to be Giraffe; but it is covered all over with chestnut blotches. What have you at your end of the table, Brother?'

And the Leopard scratched his head and said, 'It ought to be 'sclusively a delicate greyish-fawn, and it ought to be Zebra; but it is covered all over with black and purple stripes. What in the world have you been doing to yourself, Zebra? Don't you know that if you were on the High Veldt I could see you ten miles off? You haven't any form.'

'Yes,' said the Zebra, 'but this isn't the High Veldt. Can't you see?'

'I can now,' said the Leopard. 'But I couldn't all yesterday. How is it done?'

'Let us up,' said the Zebra, 'and we will show you.'

They let the Zebra and the Giraffe get up; and Zebra moved away to some little thorn-bushes where the sunlight fell all stripy, and Giraffe moved off to some tallish trees where the shadows fell all blotchy.

'Now watch,' said the Zebra and the Giraffe. 'This is the way it's done. One--two--three! And where's your breakfast?'

Leopard stared, and Ethiopian stared, but all they could see were stripy shadows and blotched shadows in the forest, but never a sign of Zebra and Giraffe. They had just walked off and hidden themselves in the shadowy forest.

'Hi! Hi!' said the Ethiopian. 'That's a trick worth learning. Take a lesson by it, Leopard. You show up in this dark place like a bar of soap in a coal-scuttle.'

'Ho! Ho!' said the Leopard. 'Would it surprise you very much to know that you show up in this dark place like a mustard-plaster on a sack of coals?'



'Well, calling names won't catch dinner,' said the Ethiopian. 'The long and the little of it is that we don't match our backgrounds. I'm going to take Baviaan's advice. He told me I ought to change; and as I've nothing to change except my skin I'm going to change that.'

'What to?' said the Leopard, tremendously excited.

'To a nice working blackish-brownish colour, with a little purple in it, and touches of slaty-blue. It will be the very thing for hiding in hollows and behind trees.'

So he changed his skin then and there, and the Leopard was more excited than ever; he had never seen a man change his skin before.

'But what about me?' he said, when the Ethiopian had worked his last little finger into his fine new black skin.

'You take Baviaan's advice too. He told you to go into spots.'

'So I did,' said the Leopard. 'I went into other spots as fast as I could. I went into this spot with you, and a lot of good it has done me.'

'Oh,' said the Ethiopian, 'Baviaan didn't mean spots in South Africa. He meant spots on your skin.'

'What's the use of that?' said the Leopard.

'Think of Giraffe,' said the Ethiopian. 'Or if you prefer stripes, think of Zebra. They find their spots and stripes give them per-fect satisfaction.'

'Umm,' said the Leopard. 'I wouldn't look like Zebra--not for ever so.'

'Well, make up your mind,' said the Ethiopian, 'because I'd hate to go hunting without you, but I must if you insist on looking like a sun-flower against a tarred fence.'

'I'll take spots, then,' said the Leopard; 'but don't make 'em too vulgar-big. I wouldn't look like Giraffe--not for ever so.'

'I'll make 'em with the tips of my fingers,' said the Ethiopian. 'There's plenty of black left on my skin still. Stand over!'

Then the Ethiopian put his five fingers close together (there was plenty of black left on his new skin still) and pressed them all over the Leopard, and wherever the five fingers touched they left five little black marks, all close together. You can see them on any Leopard's skin you like, Best Beloved. Sometimes the fingers slipped and the marks got a little blurred; but if you look closely at any Leopard now you will see that there are always five spots--off five fat black finger-tips.

'Now you are a beauty!' said the Ethiopian. 'You can lie out on the bare ground and look like a heap of pebbles. You can lie out on the naked rocks and look like a piece of pudding-stone. You can lie out on a leafy branch and look like sunshine sifting through the leaves; and you can lie right across the centre of a path and look like nothing in particular. Think of that and purr!'

'But if I'm all this,' said the Leopard, 'why didn't you go spotty too?'

'Oh, plain black's best for a nigger,' said the Ethiopian. 'Now come along and we'll see if we can't get even with Mr. One-Two-Three-Where's-your-Breakfast!'

So they went away and lived happily ever afterward, Best Beloved. That is all.

Oh, now and then you will hear grown-ups say, 'Can the Ethiopian change his skin or the Leopard his spots?' I don't think even grown-ups would keep on saying such a silly thing if the Leopard and the Ethiopian hadn't done it once--do you? But they will never do it again, Best Beloved. They are quite contented as they are.

I AM the Most Wise Baviaan, saying in most wise tones,  
'Let us melt into the landscape--just us two by our lones.'  
People have come--in a carriage--calling. But Mummy is there....

Yes, I can go if you take me--Nurse says she don't care.  
Let's go up to the pig-sties and sit on the farmyard rails!  
Let's say things to the bunnies, and watch 'em skitter their tails!  
Let's--oh, anything, daddy, so long as it's you and me,

And going truly exploring, and not being in till tea!  
Here's your boots (I've brought 'em), and here's your cap and stick,  
And here's your pipe and tobacco. Oh, come along out of it -- quick.

## THE SING-SONG OF OLD MAN KANGAROO

NOT always was the Kangaroo as now we do behold him, but a Different Animal with four short legs. He was grey and he was woolly, and his pride was inordinate: he danced on an outcrop in the middle of Australia, and he went to the Little God Nqa.

He went to Nqa at six before breakfast, saying, 'Make me different from all other animals by five this afternoon.'

Up jumped Nqa from his seat on the sandflat and shouted, 'Go away!'

He was grey and he was woolly, and his pride was inordinate: he danced on a rock-ledge in the middle of Australia, and he went to the Middle God Nqing.

He went to Nqing at eight after breakfast, saying, 'Make me different from all other animals; make me, also, wonderfully popular by five this afternoon.'

Up jumped Nqing from his burrow in the spinifex and shouted, 'Go away!'

He was grey and he was woolly, and his pride was inordinate: he danced on a sandbank in the middle of Australia, and he went to the Big God Nqong.

He went to Nqong at ten before dinner-time, saying, 'Make me different from all other animals; make me popular and wonderfully run after by five this afternoon.'

Up jumped Nqong from his bath in the salt-pan and shouted, 'Yes, I will!'

Nqong called Dingo--Yellow-Dog Dingo--always hungry, dusty in the sunshine, and showed him Kangaroo. Nqong said, 'Dingo! Wake up, Dingo! Do you see that gentleman dancing on an ashpit? He wants to be popular and very truly run after. Dingo, make him SO!'

Up jumped Dingo--Yellow-Dog Dingo--and said, 'What, that cat-rabbit?'

Off ran Dingo--Yellow-Dog Dingo--always hungry, grinning like a coal-scuttle,--ran after Kangaroo.

Off went the proud Kangaroo on his four little legs like a bunny.

This, O Beloved of mine, ends the first part of the tale!

He ran through the desert; he ran through the mountains; he ran through the salt-pans; he ran through the reed-beds; he ran through the blue gums; he ran through the spinifex; he ran till his front legs ached.

He had to!

Still ran Dingo--Yellow-Dog Dingo--always hungry, grinning like a rat-trap, never getting nearer, never getting farther,--ran after Kangaroo.

He had to!

Still ran Kangaroo--Old Man Kangaroo. He ran through the ti-trees; he ran through the mulga; he ran through the long grass; he ran through the short grass; he ran through the Tropics of Capricorn and Cancer; he ran till his hind legs ached.

He had to!

Still ran Dingo--Yellow-Dog Dingo--hungrier and hungrier, grinning like a horse-collar, never getting nearer, never getting farther; and they came to the Wollgong River.

Now, there wasn't any bridge, and there wasn't any ferry-boat, and Kangaroo didn't know how to get over; so he stood on his legs and hopped.

He had to!

He hopped through the Flinders; he hopped through the Cinders; he hopped through the deserts in the middle of Australia. He hopped like a Kangaroo.

First he hopped one yard; then he hopped three yards; then he hopped five yards; his legs growing stronger; his legs growing longer. He hadn't any time for rest or refreshment, and he wanted them very much.

Still ran Dingo--Yellow-Dog Dingo--very much bewildered, very much hungry, and wondering what in the world or out of it made Old Man Kangaroo hop.

For he hopped like a cricket; like a pea in a saucepan; or a new rubber ball on a nursery floor.

He had to!

He tucked up his front legs; he hopped on his hind legs; he stuck out his tail for a balance-weight behind him; and he hopped through the Darling Downs.

He had to!

Still ran Dingo--Tired-Dog Dingo--hungrier and hungrier, very much bewildered, and wondering when in the world or out of it would Old Man Kangaroo stop.

Then came Nqong from his bath in the salt-pans, and said, 'It's five o'clock.'

Down sat Dingo--Poor Dog Dingo--always hungry, dusky in the sunshine; hung out his tongue and howled.

Down sat Kangaroo--Old Man Kangaroo--stuck out his tail like a milking-stool behind him, and said, 'Thank goodness that's finished!'

Then said Nqong, who is always a gentleman, 'Why aren't you grateful to Yellow-Dog Dingo? Why don't you thank him for all he has done for you?'

Then said Kangaroo--Tired Old Kangaroo--'He's chased me out of the homes of my childhood; he's chased me out of my regular meal-times; he's altered my shape so I'll never get it back; and he's played Old Scratch with my legs.'

Then said Nqong, 'Perhaps I'm mistaken, but didn't you ask me to make you different from all other animals, as well as to make you very truly sought after? And now it is five o'clock.'

'Yes,' said Kangaroo. 'I wish that I hadn't. I thought you would do it by charms and incantations, but this is a practical joke.'

'Joke!' said Nqong from his bath in the blue gums. 'Say that again and I'll whistle up Dingo and run your hind legs off.'

'No,' said the Kangaroo. 'I must apologise. Legs are legs, and you needn't alter 'em so far as I am concerned. I only meant to explain to Your Lordliness that I've had nothing to eat since morning, and I'm very empty indeed.'

'Yes,' said Dingo--Yellow-Dog Dingo,--'I am just in the same situation. I've made him different from all other animals; but what may I have for my tea?'

Then said Nqong from his bath in the salt-pan, 'Come and ask me about it tomorrow, because I'm going to wash.'

So they were left in the middle of Australia, Old Man Kangaroo and Yellow-Dog Dingo, and each said, 'That's your fault'

THIS is the mouth-filling song  
Of the race that was run by a Boomer,  
Run in a single burst--only event of its kind--  
Started by big God Nqong from Warrigaborrigarooma,  
Old Man Kangaroo first: Yellow-Dog Dingo behind.

Kangaroo bounded away,  
His back-legs working like pistons--  
Bounded from morning till dark,  
Twenty-five feet to a bound.  
Yellow-Dog Dingo lay  
Like a yellow cloud in the distance--  
Much too busy to bark.  
My! but they covered the ground!

Nobody knows where they went,  
Or followed the track that they flew in,  
For that Continent  
Hadn't been given a name.  
They ran thirty degrees,  
From Torres Straits to the Leeuwin

(Look at the Atlas, please),  
And they ran back as they came.

S'posing you could trot  
From Adelaide to the Pacific,  
For an afternoon's run  
Half what these gentlemen did  
You would feel rather hot,  
But your legs would develop terrific--  
Yes, my importunate son,  
You'd be a Marvellous



## HOW THE FIRST LETTER WAS WRITTEN

ONCE upon a most early time was a Neolithic man. He was not a Jute or an Angle, or even a Dravidian, which he might well have been, Best Beloved, but never mind why. He was a Primitive, and he lived cavily in a Cave, and he wore very few clothes, and he couldn't read and he couldn't write and he didn't want to, and except when he was hungry he was quite happy. His name was Tegumai Bopsulai, and that means, 'Man-who-does-not-put-his-foot-forward-in-a-hurry'; but we, O Best Beloved, will call him Tegumai, for short. And his wife's name was Teshumai Tewindrow, and that means, 'Lady-who-asks-a-very-many-questions'; but we, O Best Beloved, will call her Teshumai, for short. And his little girl-daughter's name was Taffimai Metallumai, and that means, 'Small-person-without-any-manners-who-ought-to-be-spanked'; but I'm going to call her Taffy. And she was Tegumai Bopsulai's Best Beloved and her own Mummy's Best Beloved, and she was not spanked half as much as was good for her; and they were all three very happy. As soon as Taffy could run about she went everywhere with her Daddy Tegumai, and sometimes they would not come home to the Cave till they were hungry, and then Teshumai Tewindrow would say, 'Where in the world have you two been to, to get so shocking dirty? Really, my Tegumai, you're no better than my Taffy.'

Now attend and listen!

One day Tegumai Bopsulai went down through the beaver-swamp to the Wagai river to spear carp-fish for dinner, and Taffy went too. Tegumai's spear was made of wood with shark's teeth at the end, and before he had caught any fish at all he accidentally broke it clean across by jabbing it down too hard on the bottom of the river. They were miles and miles from home (of course they had their lunch with them in a little bag), and Tegumai had forgotten to bring any extra spears.

'Here's a pretty kettle of fish!' said Tegumai. 'It will take me half the day to mend this.'

'There's your big black spear at home,' said Taffy. 'Let me run back to the Cave and ask Mummy to give it me.'

'It's too far for your little fat legs,' said Tegumai. 'Besides, you might fall into the beaver-swamp and be drowned. We must make the best of a bad job.' He sat down and took out a little leather mendy-bag, full of reindeer-sinews and strips of leather, and lumps of bee's-wax and resin, and began to mend the spear.

Taffy sat down too, with her toes in the water and her chin in her hand, and thought very hard. Then she said--'I say, Daddy, it's an awful nuisance that you and I don't know how to write, isn't it? If we did we could send a message for the new spear.'

'Taffy,' said Tegumai, 'how often have I told you not to use slang? "Awful" isn't a pretty word, but it could be a convenience, now you mention it, if we could write home.'

Just then a Stranger-man came along the river, but he belonged to a far tribe, the Tewaras, and he did not understand one word of Tegumai's language. He stood on the bank and smiled at Taffy, because he had a little girl-daughter Of his own at home. Tegumai drew a hank of deer-sinews from his mendy-bag and began to mend his spear.

'Come here, said Taffy. 'Do you know where my Mummy lives?' And the Stranger-man said 'Um!' being, as you know, a Tewara.

'Silly!' said Taffy, and she stamped her foot, because she saw a shoal of very big carp going up the river just when her Daddy couldn't use his spear.

'Don't bother grown-ups,' said Tegumai, so busy with his spear-mending that he did not turn round.

'I aren't, said Taffy. 'I only want him to do what I want him to do, and he won't understand.'

'Then don't bother me, said Tegumai, and he went on pulling and straining at the deer-sinews with his mouth full of loose ends. The Stranger-man--a genuine Tewara he was--sat down on the grass, and Taffy showed him what her Daddy was doing. The Stranger-man thought, this is a very wonderful child. She stamps her foot at me and

she makes faces. She must be the daughter of that noble Chief who is so great that he won't take any notice of me.' So he smiled more politely than ever.

'Now,' said Taffy, 'I want you to go to my Mummy, because your legs are longer than mine, and you won't fall into the beaver-swamp, and ask for Daddy's other spear--the one with the black handle that hangs over our fireplace.'

The Stranger-man (and he was a Tewara) thought, 'This is a very, very wonderful child. She waves her arms and she shouts at me, but I don't understand a word of what she says. But if I don't do what she wants, I greatly fear that that haughty Chief, Man-who-turns-his-back-on-callers, will be angry.' He got up and twisted a big flat piece of bark off a birch-tree and gave it to Taffy. He did this, Best Beloved, to show that his heart was as white as the birch-bark and that he meant no harm; but Taffy didn't quite understand.

'Oh!' said she. 'Now I see! You want my Mummy's living-address? Of course I can't write, but I can draw pictures if I've anything sharp to scratch with. Please lend me the shark's tooth off your necklace.'

The Stranger-man (and he was a Tewara) didn't say anything, So Taffy put up her little hand and pulled at the beautiful bead and seed and shark-tooth necklace round his neck.

The Stranger-man (and he was a Tewara) thought, 'This is a very, very, very wonderful child. The shark's tooth on my necklace is a magic shark's tooth, and I was always told that if anybody touched it without my leave they would immediately swell up or burst, but this child doesn't swell up or burst, and that important Chief, Man-who-attends-strictly-to-his-business, who has not yet taken any notice of me at all, doesn't seem to be afraid that she will swell up or burst. I had better be more polite.'

So he gave Taffy the shark's tooth, and she lay down flat on her tummy with her legs in the air, like some people on the drawing-room floor when they want to draw pictures, and she said, 'Now I'll draw you some beautiful pictures! You can look over my shoulder, but you mustn't joggle. First I'll draw Daddy fishing. It isn't very like

him; but Mummy will know, because I've drawn his spear all broken. Well, now I'll draw the other spear that he wants, the black-handled spear. It looks as if it was sticking in Daddy's back, but that's because the shark's tooth slipped and this piece of bark isn't big enough. That's the spear I want you to fetch; so I'll draw a picture of me myself 'splaining to you. My hair doesn't stand up like I've drawn, but it's easier to draw that way. Now I'll draw you. I think you're very nice really, but I can't make you pretty in the picture, so you mustn't be 'fended. Are you 'fended?'

The Stranger-man (and he was a Tewara) smiled. He thought, 'There must be a big battle going to be fought somewhere, and this extraordinary child, who takes my magic shark's tooth but who does not swell up or burst, is telling me to call all the great Chief's tribe to help him. He is a great Chief, or he would have noticed me.'

'Look,' said Taffy, drawing very hard and rather scratchily, 'now I've drawn you, and I've put the spear that Daddy wants into your hand, just to remind you that you're to bring it. Now I'll show you how to find my Mummy's living-address. You go along till you come to two trees (those are trees), and then you go over a hill (that's a hill), and then you come into a beaver-swamp all full of beavers. I haven't put in all the beavers, because I can't draw beavers, but I've drawn their heads, and that's all you'll see of them when you cross the swamp. Mind you don't fall in! Then our Cave is just beyond the beaver-swamp. It isn't as high as the hills really, but I can't draw things very small. That's my Mummy outside. She is beautiful. She is the most beautifullest Mummy there ever was, but she won't be 'fended when she sees I've drawn her so plain. She'll be pleased of me because I can draw. Now, in case you forget, I've drawn the spear that Daddy wants outside our Cave. It's inside really, but you show the picture to my Mummy and she'll give it you. I've made her holding up her hands, because I know she'll be so pleased to see you. Isn't it a beautiful picture? And do you quite understand, or shall I 'splain again?'

The Stranger-man (and he was a Tewara) looked at the picture and nodded very hard. He said to himself, 'If I do not fetch this great Chief's tribe to help him, he will be slain by his enemies who are coming up on all sides with spears. Now I see why the great Chief pretended not to notice me! He feared that his enemies were hiding in the bushes and would see him. Therefore he turned to me his back, and let the wise and wondetful child draw the terrible picture showing me his difficulties. I will away and

get help for him from his tribe.' He did not even ask Taffy the road, but raced off into the bushes like the wind, with the birch-bark in his hand, and Taffy sat down most pleased.

Now this is the picture that Taffy had drawn for him!

'What have you been doing, Taffy?' said Tegumai. He had mended his spear and was carefully waving it to and fro.

'It's a little berangement of my own, Daddy dear,' said Taffy. 'If you won't ask me questions, you'll know all about it in a little time, and you'll be surprised. You don't know how surprised you'll be, Daddy! Promise you'll be surprised.'

'Very well,' said Tegumai, and went on fishing.

The Stranger-man--did you know he was a Tewara?--hurried away with the picture and ran for some miles, till quite by accident he found Teshumai Tewindrow at the door of her Cave, talking to some other Neolithic ladies who had come in to a Primitive lunch. Taffy was very like Teshumai, especially about the upper part of the face and the eyes, so the Stranger-man--always a pure Tewara--smiled politely and handed Teshumai the birch-bark. He had run hard, so that he panted, and his legs were scratched with brambles, but he still tried to be polite.

As soon as Teshumai saw the picture she screamed like anything and flew at the Stranger-man. The other Neolithic ladies at once knocked him down and sat on him in a long line of six, while Teshumai pulled his hair.

'It's as plain as the nose on this Stranger-man's face,' she said. 'He has stuck my Tegumai all full of spears, and frightened poor Taffy so that her hair stands all on end; and not content with that, he brings me a horrid picture of how it was done. Look!' She showed the picture to all the Neolithic ladies sitting patiently on the Stranger-man. 'Here is my Tegumai with his arm broken; here is a spear sticking into his back; here is a man with a spear ready to throw; here is another man throwing a spear from a Cave, and here are a whole pack of people' (they were Taffy's beavers really, but they did look rather like people) 'coming up behind Tegumai. Isn't it shocking!'

'Most shocking!' said the Neolithic ladies, and they filled the Stranger-man's hair with mud (at which he was surprised), and they beat upon the Reverberating Tribal Drums, and called together all the chiefs of the Tribe of Tegumai, with their Hetmans and Dolmans, all Neguses, Woons, and Akhoonds of the organisation, in addition to the Warlocks, Angekoks, Juju-men, Bonzes, and the rest, who decided that before they chopped the Stranger-man's head off he should instantly lead them down to the river and show them where he had hidden poor Taffy.

By this time the Stranger-man (in spite of being a Tewara) was really annoyed. They had filled his hair quite solid with mud; they had rolled him up and down on knobby pebbles; they had sat upon him in a long line of six; they had thumped him and bumped him till he could hardly breathe; and though he did not understand their language, he was almost sure that the names the Neolithic ladies called him were not ladylike. However, he said nothing till all the Tribe of Tegumai were assembled, and then he led them back to the bank of the Wagai river, and there they found Taffy making daisy-chains, and Tegumai carefully spearing small carp with his mended spear.

'Well, you have been quick!' said Taffy. 'But why did you bring so many people? Daddy dear, this is my surprise. Are you surprised, Daddy?'

'Very,' said Tegumai; 'but it has ruined all my fishing for the day. Why, the whole dear, kind, nice, clean, quiet Tribe is here, Taffy.'

And so they were. First of all walked Teshumai Tewindrow and the Neolithic ladies, tightly holding on to the Stranger-man, whose hair was full of mud (although he was a Tewara). Behind them came the Head Chief, the Vice-Chief, the Deputy and Assistant Chiefs (all armed to the upper teeth), the Hetmans and Heads of Hundreds, Platoffs with their Platoons, and Dolmans with their Detachments; Woons, Neguses, and Akhoonds ranking in the rear (still armed to the teeth). Behind them was the Tribe in hierarchical order, from owners of four caves (one for each season), a private reindeer-run, and two salmon-leaps, to feudal and prognathous Villeins, semi-entitled to half a bearskin of winter nights, seven yards from the fire, and adscript serfs, holding the reversion of a scraped marrow-bone under heriot (Aren't those beautiful words, Best Beloved?). They were all there, prancing and shouting, and they

frightened every fish for twenty miles, and Tegumai thanked them in a fluid Neolithic oration.

Then Teshumai Tewindrow ran down and kissed and hugged Taffy very much indeed; but the Head Chief of the Tribe of Tegumai took Tegumai by the top-knot feathers and shook him severely.

'Explain! Explain! Explain!' cried all the Tribe of Tegumai.

'Goodness' sakes alive!' said Tegumai. 'Let go of my top-knot. Can't a man break his carp-spear without the whole countryside descending on him? You're a very interfering people.'

'I don't believe you've brought my Daddy's black-handled spear after all,' said Taffy. 'And what are you doing to my nice Stranger-man?'

They were thumping him by twos and threes and tens till his eyes turned round and round. He could only gasp and point at Taffy.

'Where are the bad people who speared you, my darling?' said Teshumai Tewindrow.

'There weren't any,' said Tegumai. 'My only visitor this morning was the poor fellow that you are trying to choke. Aren't you well, or are you ill, O Tribe of Tegumai?'

'He came with a horrible picture,' said the Head Chief,--'a picture that showed you were full of spears.'

'Er-um-Pr'aps I'd better 'splain that I gave him that picture,' said Taffy, but she did not feel quite comfy.

'You!' said the Tribe of Tegumai all together. 'Small-person-with-no-manners-who-ought-to-be-spanked! You?'

'Taffy dear, I'm afraid we're in for a little trouble,' said her Daddy, and put his arm round her, so she didn't care.

'Explain! Explain! Explain!' said the Head Chief of the Tribe of Tegumai, and he hopped on one foot.

'I wanted the Stranger-man to fetch Daddy's spear, so I drawded it,' said Taffy. 'There wasn't lots of spears. There was only one spear. I drawded it three times to make sure. I couldn't help it looking as if it stuck into Daddy's head--there wasn't room on the birch-bark; and those things that Mummy called bad people are my beavers. I drawded them to show him the way through the swamp; and I drawded Mummy at the mouth of the Cave looking pleased because he is a nice Stranger-man, and I think you are just the stupidest people in the world,' said Taffy. 'He is a very nice man. Why have you filled his hair with mud? Wash him!'

Nobody said anything at all for a longtime, till the Head Chief laughed; then the Stranger-man (who was at least a Tewara) laughed; then Tegumai laughed till he fell down flat on the bank; then all the Tribe laughed more and worse and louder. The only people who did not laugh were Teshumai Tewindrow and all the Neolithic ladies. They were very polite to all their husbands, and said 'Idiot!' ever so often.

Then the Head Chief of the Tribe of Tegumai cried and said and sang, 'O Small-person-with-out-any-manners-who-ought-to-be-spanked, you've hit upon a great invention!'

'I didn't intend to; I only wanted Daddy's black-handled spear,' said Taffy.

'Never mind. It is a great invention, and some day men will call it writing. At present it is only pictures, and, as we have seen to-day, pictures are not always properly understood. But a time will come, O Babe of Tegumai, when we shall make letters--all twenty-six of 'em,--and when we shall be able to read as well as to write, and then we shall always say exactly what we mean without any mistakes. Let the Neolithic ladies wash the mud out of the stranger's hair.'

'I shall be glad of that,' said Taffy, 'because, after all, though you've brought every single other spear in the Tribe of Tegumai, you've forgotten my Daddy's black-handled spear.'



Then the Head Chief cried and said and sang, 'Taffy dear, the next time you write a picture-letter, you'd better send a man who can talk our language with it, to explain what it means. I don't mind it myself, because I am a Head Chief, but it's very bad for the rest of the Tribe of Tegumai, and, as you can see, it surprises the stranger.'

Then they adopted the Stranger-man (a genuine Tewara of Tewar) into the Tribe of Tegumai, because he was a gentleman and did not make a fuss about the mud that the Neolithic ladies had put into his hair. But from that day to this (and I suppose it is all Taffy's fault), very few little girls have ever liked learning to read or write. Most of them prefer to draw pictures and play about with their Daddies--just like Taffy

THERE runs a road by Merrow Down--

A grassy track to-day it is

An hour out of Guildford town,

Above the river Wey it is.

Here, when they heard the horse-bells ring,

The ancient Britons dressed and rode

To watch the dark Phoenicians bring

Their goods along the Western Road.

And here, or hereabouts, they met

To hold their racial talks and such--

To barter beads for Whitby jet,

And tin for gay shell torques and such.

But long and long before that time

(When bison used to roam on it)

Did Taffy and her Daddy climb

That down, and had their home on it.

Then beavers built in Broadstone brook

And made a swamp where Bramley stands:

And hears from Shere would come and look

For Taffimai where Shamley stands.

The Wey, that Taffy called Wagai,

Was more than six times bigger then;

And all the Tribe of Tegumai

They cut a noble figure then!

## THE CRAB THAT PLAYED WITH THE SEA

BEFORE the High and Far-Off Times, O my Best Beloved, came the Time of the Very Beginnings; and that was in the days when the Eldest Magician was getting Things ready. First he got the Earth ready; then he got the Sea ready; and then he told all the Animals that they could come out and play. And the Animals said, 'O Eldest Magician, what shall we play at?' and he said, 'I will show you. He took the Elephant--All-the-Elephant-there-was--and said, 'Play at being an Elephant,' and All-the-Elephant-there-was played. He took the Beaver--All-the-Beaver-there-was and said, 'Play at being a Beaver,' and All-the Beaver-there-was played. He took the Cow--All-the Cow-there-was--and said, 'Play at being a Cow,' and All-the-Cow-there-was played. He took the Turtle--All-the-Turtle there-was and said, 'Play at being a Turtle,' and All-the-Turtle-there-was played. One by one he took all the beasts and birds and fishes and told them what to play at.

But towards evening, when people and things grow restless and tired, there came up the Man (With his own little girl-daughter?)--Yes, with his own best beloved little girl-daughter sitting upon his shoulder, and he said, 'What is this play, Eldest Magician?' And the Eldest Magician said, 'Ho, Son of Adam, this is the play of the Very Beginning; but you are too wise for this play.' And the Man saluted and said, 'Yes, I am too wise for this play; but see that you make all the Animals obedient to me.'

Now, while the two were talking together, Pau Amma the Crab, who was next in the game, scuttled off sideways and stepped into the sea, saying to himself, 'I will play my play alone in the deep waters, and I will never be obedient to this son of Adam.' Nobody saw him go away except the little girl-daughter where she leaned on the Man's shoulder. And the play went on till there were no more Animals left without orders; and the Eldest Magician wiped the fine dust off his hands and walked about the world to see how the Animals were playing.

He went North, Best Beloved, and he found All-the-Elephant-there-was digging with his tusks and stamping with his feet in the nice new clean earth that had been made ready for him.

'Kun?' said All-the-Elephant-there-was, meaning, 'Is this right?'

'Payah kun,' said the Eldest Magician, meaning, 'That is quite right'; and he breathed upon the great rocks and lumps of earth that All-the-Elephant-there-was had thrown up, and they became the great Himalayan Mountains, and you can look them out on the map.

He went East, and he found All-the-Cow there-was feeding in the field that had been made ready for her, and she licked her tongue round a whole forest at a time, and swallowed it and sat down to chew her cud.

'Kun?' said All-the-Cow-there-was.

'Payah kun,' said the Eldest Magician; and he breathed upon the bare patch where she had eaten, and upon the place where she had sat down, and one became the great Indian Desert, and the other became the Desert of Sahara, and you can look them out on the map.

He went West, and he found All-the-Beaver-there-was making a beaver-dam across the mouths of broad rivers that had been got ready for him.

'Kun?' said All-the-Beaver-there-was.

'Payah kun,' said the Eldest Magician; and he breathed upon the fallen trees and the still water, and they became the Everglades in Florida, and you may look them out on the map.

Then he went South and found All-the-Turtle-there-was scratching with his flippers in the sand that had been got ready for him, and the sand and the rocks whirled through the air and fell far off into the sea.

'Kun?' said All-the-Turtle-there-was.

'Payah kun,' said the Eldest Magician; and he breathed upon the sand and the rocks, where they had fallen in the sea, and they became the most beautiful islands of Borneo, Celebes, Sumatra, Java, and the rest of the Malay Archipelago, and you can look them out on the map!

By and by the Eldest Magician met the Man on the banks of the Perak river, and said, 'Ho! Son of Adam, are all the Animals obedient to you?'

'Yes,' said the Man.

'Is all the Earth obedient to you?'

'Yes,' said the Man.

'Is all the Sea obedient to you?'

'No,' said the Man. 'Once a day and once a night the Sea runs up the Perak river and drives the sweet-water back into the forest, so that my house is made wet; once a day and once a night it runs down the river and draws all the water after it, so that there is nothing left but mud, and my canoe is upset. Is that the play you told it to play?'

'No,' said the Eldest Magician. 'That is a new and a bad play.'

'Look!' said the Man, and as he spoke the great Sea came up the mouth of the Perak river, driving the river backwards till it overflowed all the dark forests for miles and miles, and flooded the Man's house.

'This is wrong. Launch your canoe and we will find out who is playing with the Sea,' said the Eldest Magician. They stepped into the canoe; the little girl-daughter came with them; and the Man took his kris--a curving, wavy dagger with a blade like a flame,--and they pushed out on the Perak river. Then the sea began to run back and back, and the canoe was sucked out of the mouth of the Perak river, past Selangor, past Malacca, past Singapore, out and out to the Island of Bingtang, as though it had been pulled by a string.

Then the Eldest Magician stood up and shouted, 'Ho! beasts, birds, and fishes, that I took between my hands at the Very Beginning and taught the play that you should play, which one of you is playing with the Sea?'

Then all the beasts, birds, and fishes said together, 'Eldest Magician, we play the plays that you taught us to play--we and our children's children. But not one of us plays with the Sea.'

Then the Moon rose big and full over the water, and the Eldest Magician said to the hunchbacked old man who sits in the Moon spinning a fishing-line with which he hopes one day to catch the world, 'Ho! Fisher of the Moon, are you playing with the Sea?'

'No,' said the Fisherman, 'I am spinning a line with which I shall some day catch the world; but I do not play with the Sea.' And he went on spinning his line.

Now there is also a Rat up in the Moon who always bites the old Fisherman's line as fast as it is made, and the Eldest Magician said to him, 'Ho! Rat of the Moon, are you playing with the Sea?'

And the Rat said, 'I am too busy biting through the line that this old Fisherman is spinning. I do not play with the Sea.' And he went on biting the line.

Then the little girl-daughter put up her little soft brown arms with the beautiful white shell bracelets and said, 'O Eldest Magician! when my father here talked to you at the Very Beginning, and I leaned upon his shoulder while the beasts were being taught their plays, one beast went away naughtily into the Sea before you had taught him his play.

And the Eldest Magician said, 'How wise are little children who see and are silent! What was the beast like?'

And the little girl-daughter said, 'He was round and he was flat; and his eyes grew upon stalks; and he walked sideways like this ; and he was covered with strong armour upon his back.'

And the Eldest Magician said, 'How wise are little children who speak truth! Now I know where Pau Amma went. Give me the paddle!'

So he took the paddle; but there was no need to paddle, for the water flowed steadily past all the islands till they came to the place called Pusat Tasek--the Heart of the Sea--where the great hollow is that leads down to the heart of the world, and in that hollow grows the Wonderful Tree, Push Janggi, that bears the magic twin nuts. Then the Eldest Magician slid his arm up to the shoulder through the deep warm water, and

under the roots of the Wonderful Tree he touched the broad back of Pau Amma the Crab. And Pau Amma settled down at the touch, and all the Sea rose up as water rises in a basin when you put your hand into it.

'Ah!' said the Eldest Magician. 'Now I know who has been playing with the Sea;' and he called out, 'What are you doing, Pau Amma?'

And Pau Amma, deep down below, answered, 'Once a day and once a night I go out to look for my food. Once a day and once a night I return. Leave me alone.'

Then the Eldest Magician said, 'Listen, Pau Amma. When you go out from your cave the waters of the Sea pour down into Pusat Tasek, and all the beaches of all the islands are left bare, and the little fish die, and Raja Moyang Kaban, the King of the Elephants, his legs are made muddy. When you come back and sit in Pusat Tasek, the waters of the Sea rise, and half the little islands are drowned, and the Man's house is flooded, and Raja Abdullah, the King of the Crocodiles, his mouth is filled with the salt water.

Then Pau Amma, deep down below, laughed and said, 'I did not know I was so important. Henceforward I will go out seven times a day, and the waters shall never be still.'

And the Eldest Magician said, 'I cannot make you play the play you were meant to play, Pau Amma, because you escaped me at the Very Beginning; but if you are not afraid, come up and we will talk about it.'

'I am not afraid,' said Pau Amma, and he rose to the top of the sea in the moonlight. There was nobody in the world so big as Pau Amma--for he was the King Crab of all Crabs. Not a common Crab, but a King Crab. One side of his great shell touched the beach at Sarawak; the other touched the beach at Pahang; and he was taller than the smoke of three volcanoes! As he rose up through the branches of the Wonderful Tree he tore off one of the great twin fruits--the magic double kernelled nuts that make people young,-- and the little girl-daughter saw it bobbing alongside the canoe, and pulled it in and began to pick out the soft eyes of it with her little golden scissors.

'Now,' said the Magician, 'make a Magic, Pau Amma, to show that you are really important.'

Pau Amma rolled his eyes and waved his legs, but he could only stir up the Sea, because, though he was a King Crab, he was nothing more than a Crab, and the Eldest Magician laughed.

'You are not so important after all, Pau Amma,' he said. 'Now, let me try,' and he made a Magic with his left hand--with just the little finger of his left hand--and--lo and behold, Best Beloved, Pau Amma's hard, blue-green-black shell fell off him as a husk falls off a cocoa-nut, and Pau Amma was left all soft--soft as the little crabs that you sometimes find on the beach, Best Beloved.

'Indeed, you are very important,' said the Eldest Magician. 'Shall I ask the Man here to cut you with kris? Shall I send for Raja Moyang Kaban, the King of the Elephants, to pierce you with his tusks, or shall I call Raja Abdullah, the King of the Crocodiles, to bite you?'

And Pau Amma said, 'I am ashamed! Give me back my hard shell and let me go back to Pusat Tasek, and I will only stir out once a day and once a night to get my food.'

And the Eldest Magician said, 'No, Pau Amma, I will not give you back your shell, for you will grow bigger and prouder and stronger, and perhaps you will forget your promise, and you will play with the Sea once more.

Then Pau Amma said, 'What shall I do? I am so big that I can only hide in Pusat Tasek, and if I go anywhere else, all soft as I am now, the sharks and the dogfish will eat me. And if I go to Pusat Tasek, all soft as I am now, though I may be safe, I can never stir out to get my food, and so I shall die.' Then he waved his legs and lamented.

'Listen, Pau Amma,' said the Eldest Magician. 'I cannot make you play the play you were meant to play, because you escaped me at the Very Beginning; but if you choose, I can make every stone and every hole and every bunch of weed in all the seas a safe Pusat Tasek for you and your children for always.'



Then Pau Amma said, 'That is good, but I do not choose yet. Look! there is that Man who talked to you at the Very Beginning. If he had not taken up your attention I should not have grown tired of waiting and run away, and all this would never have happened. What will he do for me?'

And the Man said, 'If you choose, I will make a Magic, so that both the deep water and the dry ground will be a home for you and your children--so that you shall be able to hide both on the land and in the sea.'

And Pau Amma said, 'I do not choose yet. Look! there is that girl who saw me running away at the Very Beginning. If she had spoken then, the Eldest Magician would have called me back, and all this would never have happened. What will she do for me?'

And the little girl-daughter said, 'This is a good nut that I am eating. If you choose, I will make a Magic and I will give you this pair of scissors, very sharp and strong, so that you and your children can eat cocoa-nuts like this all day long when you come up from the Sea to the land; or you can dig a Pusat Tasek for yourself with the scissors that belong to you when there is no stone or hole near by; and when the earth is too hard, by the help of these same scissors you can run up a tree.'

And Pau Amma said, 'I do not choose yet, for, all soft as I am, these gifts would not help me. Give me back my shell, O Eldest Magician, and then I will play your play.'

And the Eldest Magician said, 'I will give it back, Pau Amma, for eleven months of the year; but on the twelfth month of every year it shall grow soft again, to remind you and all your children that I can make magics, and to keep you humble, Pau Amma; for I see that if you can run both under the water and on land, you will grow too bold; and if you can climb trees and crack nuts and dig holes with your scissors, you will grow too greedy, Pau Amma.'

Then Pau Amma thought a little and said, 'I have made my choice. I will take all the gifts.'

Then the Eldest Magician made a Magic with the right hand, with all five fingers of his right hand, and lo and behold, Best Beloved, Pau Amma grew smaller and smaller

and smaller, till at last there was only a little green crab swimming in the water alongside the canoe, crying in a very small voice, 'Give me the scissors!'

And the girl-daughter picked him up on the palm of her little brown hand, and sat him in the bottom of the canoe and gave him her scissors, and he waved them in his little arms, and opened them and shut them and snapped them, and said, 'I can eat nuts. I can crack shells. I can dig holes. I can climb trees. I can breathe in the dry air, and I can find a safe Pusat Tasek under every stone. I did not know I was so important. Kun?' (Is this right?)

'Payah-kun,' said the Eldest Magician, and he laughed and gave him his blessing; and little Pau Amma scuttled over the side of the canoe into the water; and he was so tiny that he could have hidden under the shadow of a dry leaf on land or of a dead shell at the bottom of the sea.

'Was that well done?' said the Eldest Magician.

'Yes,' said the Man. 'But now we must go back to Perak, and that is a weary way to paddle. If we had waited till Pau Amma had gone out of Pusat Tasek and come home, the water would have carried us there by itself.'

'You are lazy,' said the Eldest Magician. 'So your children shall be lazy. They shall be the laziest people in the world. They shall be called the Malazy--the lazy people;' and he held up his finger to the Moon and said, 'O Fisherman, here is the Man too lazy to row home. Pull his canoe home with your line, Fisherman.'

'No,' said the Man. 'If I am to be lazy all my days, let the Sea work for me twice a day for ever. That will save paddling.'

And the Eldest Magician laughed and said, 'Payah kun' (That is right).

And the Rat of the Moon stopped biting the line; and the Fisherman let his line down till it touched the Sea, and he pulled the whole deep Sea along, past the Island of Bintang, past Singapore, past Malacca, past Selangor, till the canoe whirled into the mouth of the Perak River again. Kun?' said the Fisherman of the Moon.

'Payah kun,' said the Eldest Magician. 'See now that you pull the Sea twice a day and twice a night for ever, so that the Malazy fishermen may be saved paddling. But be careful not to do it too hard, or I shall make a magic on you as I did to Pau Amma.'

Then they all went up the Perak River and went to bed, Best Beloved.

Now listen and attend!

From that day to this the Moon has always pulled the sea up and down and made what we call the tides. Sometimes the Fisher of the Sea pulls a little too hard, and then we get spring tides; and sometimes he pulls a little too softly, and then we get what are called neap-tides; but nearly always he is careful, because of the Eldest Magician.

And Pau Amma? You can see when you go to the beach, how all Pau Amma's babies make little Pusat Taseks for themselves under every stone and bunch of weed on the sands; you can see them waving their little scissors; and in some parts of the world they truly live on the dry land and run up the palm trees and eat cocoa-nuts, exactly as the girl-daughter promised. But once a year all Pau Ammas must shake off their hard armour and be soft-to remind them of what the Eldest Magician could do. And so it isn't fair to kill or hunt Pau Amma's babies just because old Pau Amma was stupidly rude a very long time ago.

Oh yes! And Pau Amma's babies hate being taken out of their little Pusat Taseks and brought home in pickle-bottles. That is why they nip you with their scissors, and it serves you right!

CHINA-GOING P's and O's

Pass Pau Amma's playground close,

And his Pusat Tasek lies

Near the track of most B.I.'s.

U.Y.K. and N.D.L.

Know Pau Amma's home as well

As the fisher of the Sea knows

'Bens,' M.M.'s, and Rubattinos.

But (and this is rather queer)

A.T.L.'s can not come here;  
O. and O. and D.O.A.  
Must go round another way.  
Orient, Anchor, Bibby, Hall,  
Never go that way at all.  
U.C.S. would have a fit  
If it found itself on it.  
And if 'Beavers' took their cargoes  
To Penang instead of Lagos,  
Or a fat Shaw-Savill bore  
Passengers to Singapore,  
Or a White Star were to try a  
Little trip to Sourabaya,  
Or a B.S.A. went on  
Past Natal to Cheribon,  
Then great Mr. Lloyds would come  
With a wire and drag them home!

You'll know what my riddle means  
When you've eaten mangosteens.

Or if you can't wait till then, ask them to let you have the outside page of the Times; turn over to page 2 where it is marked 'Shipping' on the top left hand; then take the Atlas (and that is the finest picture-book in the world) and see how the names of the places that the steamers go to fit into the names of the places on the map. Any steamer-kiddy ought to be able to do that; but if you can't read, ask some one to show it you.

## THE CAT THAT WALKED BY HIMSELF

HEAR and attend and listen; for this befell and be happened and became and was, O my Best Beloved, when the Tame animals were wild. The Dog was wild, and the Horse was wild, and the Cow was wild, and the Sheep was wild, and the Pig was wild--as wild as wild could be--and they walked in the Wet Wild Woods by their wild lones. But the wildest of all the wild animals was the Cat. He walked by himself, and all places were alike to him.

Of course the Man was wild too. He was dreadfully wild. He didn't even begin to be tame till he met the Woman, and she told him that she did not like living in his wild ways. She picked out a nice dry Cave, instead of a heap of wet leaves, to lie down in; and she strewed clean sand on the floor; and she lit a nice fire of wood at the back of the Cave; and she hung a dried wild-horse skin, tail-down, across the opening of the Cave; and she said, 'Wipe you feet, dear, when you come in, and now we'll keep house.'

That night, Best Beloved, they ate wild sheep roasted on the hot stones, and flavoured with wild garlic and wild pepper; and wild duck stuffed with wild rice and wild fenugreek and wild coriander; and marrow-bones of wild oxen; and wild cherries, and wild grenadillas. Then the Man went to sleep in front of the fire ever so happy; but the Woman sat up, combing her hair. She took the bone of the shoulder of mutton--the big fat blade-bone--and she looked at the wonderful marks on it, and she threw more wood on the fire, and she made a Magic. She made the First Singing Magic in the world.

Out in the Wet Wild Woods all the wild animals gathered together where they could see the light of the fire a long way off, and they wondered what it meant. Then Wild Horse stamped with his wild foot and said, 'O my Friends and O my Enemies, why have the Man and the Woman made that great light in that great Cave, and what harm will it do us?'

Wild Dog lifted up his wild nose and smelled the smell of roast mutton, and said, 'I will go up and see and look, and say; for I think it is good. Cat, come with me.'

'Nenni!' said the Cat. 'I am the Cat who walks by himself, and all places are alike to me. I will not come.'

'Then we can never be friends again,' said Wild Dog, and he trotted off to the Cave. But when he had gone a little way the Cat said to himself, 'All places are alike to me. Why should I not go too and see and look and come away at my own liking.' So he slipped after Wild Dog softly, very softly, and hid himself where he could hear everything.

When Wild Dog reached the mouth of the Cave he lifted up the dried horse-skin with his nose and sniffed the beautiful smell of the roast mutton, and the Woman, looking at the blade-bone, heard him, and laughed, and said, 'Here comes the first. Wild Thing out of the Wild Woods, what do you want?'

Wild Dog said, 'O my Enemy and Wife of my Enemy, what is this that smells so good in the Wild Woods?'

Then the Woman picked up a roasted mutton-bone and threw it to Wild Dog, and said, 'Wild Thing out of the Wild Woods, taste and try.' Wild Dog gnawed the bone, and it was more delicious than anything he had ever tasted, and he said, 'O my Enemy and Wife of my Enemy, give me another.'

The Woman said, 'Wild Thing out of the Wild Woods, help my Man to hunt through the day and guard this Cave at night, and I will give you as many roast bones as you need.'

'Ah!' said the Cat, listening. 'This is a very wise Woman, but she is not so wise as I am.'

Wild Dog crawled into the Cave and laid his head on the Woman's lap, and said, 'O my Friend and Wife of my Friend, I will help Your Man to hunt through the day, and at night I will guard your Cave.'

'Ah!' said the Cat, listening. 'That is a very foolish Dog.' And he went back through the Wet Wild Woods waving his wild tail, and walking by his wild lone. But he never told anybody.

When the Man waked up he said, 'What is Wild Dog doing here?' And the Woman said, 'His name is not Wild Dog any more, but the First Friend, because he will be our friend for always and always and always. Take him with you when you go hunting.'

Next night the Woman cut great green armfuls of fresh grass from the water-meadows, and dried it before the fire, so that it smelt like new-mown hay, and she sat at the mouth of the Cave and plaited a halter out of horse-hide, and she looked at the shoulder of mutton-bone--at the big broad blade-bone--and she made a Magic. She made the Second Singing Magic in the world.

Out in the Wild Woods all the wild animals wondered what had happened to Wild Dog, and at last Wild Horse stamped with his foot and said, 'I will go and see and say why Wild Dog has not returned. Cat, come with me.'

'Nenni!' said the Cat. 'I am the Cat who walks by himself, and all places are alike to me. I will not come.' But all the same he followed Wild Horse softly, very softly, and hid himself where he could hear everything.

When the Woman heard Wild Horse tripping and stumbling on his long mane, she laughed and said, 'Here comes the second. Wild Thing out of the Wild Woods what do you want?'

Wild Horse said, 'O my Enemy and Wife of my Enemy, where is Wild Dog?'

The Woman laughed, and picked up the blade-bone and looked at it, and said, 'Wild Thing out of the Wild Woods, you did not come here for Wild Dog, but for the sake of this good grass.'

And Wild Horse, tripping and stumbling on his long mane, said, 'That is true; give it me to eat.'

The Woman said, 'Wild Thing out of the Wild Woods, bend your wild head and wear what I give you, and you shall eat the wonderful grass three times a day.'

'Ah,' said the Cat, listening, 'this is a clever Woman, but she is not so clever as I am.' Wild Horse bent his wild head, and the Woman slipped the plaited hide halter over it,

and Wild Horse breathed on the Woman's feet and said, 'O my Mistress, and Wife of my Master, I will be your servant for the sake of the wonderful grass.'

'Ah,' said the Cat, listening, 'that is a very foolish Horse.' And he went back through the Wet Wild Woods, waving his wild tail and walking by his wild lone. But he never told anybody.

When the Man and the Dog came back from hunting, the Man said, 'What is Wild Horse doing here?' And the Woman said, 'His name is not Wild Horse any more, but the First Servant, because he will carry us from place to place for always and always and always. Ride on his back when you go hunting.'

Next day, holding her wild head high that her wild horns should not catch in the wild trees, Wild Cow came up to the Cave, and the Cat followed, and hid himself just the same as before; and everything happened just the same as before; and the Cat said the same things as before, and when Wild Cow had promised to give her milk to the Woman every day in exchange for the wonderful grass, the Cat went back through the Wet Wild Woods waving his wild tail and walking by his wild lone, just the same as before. But he never told anybody. And when the Man and the Horse and the Dog came home from hunting and asked the same questions same as before, the Woman said, 'Her name is not Wild Cow any more, but the Giver of Good Food. She will give us the warm white milk for always and always and always, and I will take care of her while you and the First Friend and the First Servant go hunting.'

Next day the Cat waited to see if any other Wild thing would go up to the Cave, but no one moved in the Wet Wild Woods, so the Cat walked there by himself; and he saw the Woman milking the Cow, and he saw the light of the fire in the Cave, and he smelt the smell of the warm white milk.

Cat said, 'O my Enemy and Wife of my Enemy, where did Wild Cow go?'

The Woman laughed and said, 'Wild Thing out of the Wild Woods, go back to the Woods again, for I have braided up my hair, and I have put away the magic blade-bone, and we have no more need of either friends or servants in our Cave.'



Cat said, 'I am not a friend, and I am not a servant. I am the Cat who walks by himself, and I wish to come into your cave.'

Woman said, 'Then why did you not come with First Friend on the first night?'

Cat grew very angry and said, 'Has Wild Dog told tales of me?'

Then the Woman laughed and said, 'You are the Cat who walks by himself, and all places are alike to you. You are neither a friend nor a servant. You have said it yourself. Go away and walk by yourself in all places alike.'

Then Cat pretended to be sorry and said, 'Must I never come into the Cave? Must I never sit by the warm fire? Must I never drink the warm white milk? You are very wise and very beautiful. You should not be cruel even to a Cat.'

Woman said, 'I knew I was wise, but I did not know I was beautiful. So I will make a bargain with you. If ever I say one word in your praise you may come into the Cave.'

'And if you say two words in my praise?' said the Cat.

'I never shall,' said the Woman, 'but if I say two words in your praise, you may sit by the fire in the Cave.'

'And if you say three words?' said the Cat.

'I never shall,' said the Woman, 'but if I say three words in your praise, you may drink the warm white milk three times a day for always and always and always.'

Then the Cat arched his back and said, 'Now let the Curtain at the mouth of the Cave, and the Fire at the back of the Cave, and the Milk-pots that stand beside the Fire, remember what my Enemy and the Wife of my Enemy has said.' And he went away through the Wet Wild Woods waving his wild tail and walking by his wild lone.

That night when the Man and the Horse and the Dog came home from hunting, the Woman did not tell them of the bargain that she had made with the Cat, because she was afraid that they might not like it.

Cat went far and far away and hid himself in the Wet Wild Woods by his wild lone for a long time till the Woman forgot all about him. Only the Bat--the little upside-down Bat--that hung inside the Cave, knew where Cat hid; and every evening Bat would fly to Cat with news of what was happening.

One evening Bat said, 'There is a Baby in the Cave. He is new and pink and fat and small, and the Woman is very fond of him.'

'Ah,' said the Cat, listening, 'but what is the Baby fond of?'

'He is fond of things that are soft and tickle,' said the Bat. 'He is fond of warm things to hold in his arms when he goes to sleep. He is fond of being played with. He is fond of all those things.'

'Ah,' said the Cat, listening, 'then my time has come.'

Next night Cat walked through the Wet Wild Woods and hid very near the Cave till morning-time, and Man and Dog and Horse went hunting. The Woman was busy cooking that morning, and the Baby cried and interrupted. So she carried him outside the Cave and gave him a handful of pebbles to play with. But still the Baby cried.

Then the Cat put out his paddy paw and patted the Baby on the cheek, and it cooed; and the Cat rubbed against its fat knees and tickled it under its fat chin with his tail. And the Baby laughed; and the Woman heard him and smiled.

Then the Bat--the little upside-down bat--that hung in the mouth of the Cave said, 'O my Hostess and Wife of my Host and Mother of my Host's Son, a Wild Thing from the Wild Woods is most beautifully playing with your Baby.'

'A blessing on that Wild Thing whoever he may be,' said the Woman, straightening her back, 'for I was a busy woman this morning and he has done me a service.'

That very minute and second, Best Beloved, the dried horse-skin Curtain that was stretched tail-down at the mouth of the Cave fell down--whoosh!--because it remembered the bargain she had made with the Cat, and when the Woman went to pick it up--lo and behold!--the Cat was sitting quite comfy inside the Cave.

'O my Enemy and Wife of my Enemy and Mother of my Enemy,' said the Cat, 'it is I: for you have spoken a word in my praise, and now I can sit within the Cave for always and always and always. But still I am the Cat who walks by himself, and all places are alike to me.'

The Woman was very angry, and shut her lips tight and took up her spinning-wheel and began to spin. But the Baby cried because the Cat had gone away, and the Woman could not hush it, for it struggled and kicked and grew black in the face.

'O my Enemy and Wife of my Enemy and Mother of my Enemy,' said the Cat, 'take a strand of the wire that you are spinning and tie it to your spinning-whorl and drag it along the floor, and I will show you a magic that shall make your Baby laugh as loudly as he is now crying.'

'I will do so,' said the Woman, 'because I am at my wits' end; but I will not thank you for it.'

She tied the thread to the little clay spindle whorl and drew it across the floor, and the Cat ran after it and patted it with his paws and rolled head over heels, and tossed it backward over his shoulder and chased it between his hind-legs and pretended to lose it, and pounced down upon it again, till the Baby laughed as loudly as it had been crying, and scrambled after the Cat and frolicked all over the Cave till it grew tired and settled down to sleep with the Cat in its arms.

'Now,' said the Cat, 'I will sing the Baby a song that shall keep him asleep for an hour. And he began to purr, loud and low, low and loud, till the Baby fell fast asleep. The Woman smiled as she looked down upon the two of them and said, 'That was wonderfully done. No question but you are very clever, O Cat.'

That very minute and second, Best Beloved, the smoke of the fire at the back of the Cave came down in clouds from the roof--puff!--because it remembered the bargain she had made with the Cat, and when it had cleared away--lo and behold!--the Cat was sitting quite comfy close to the fire.

'O my Enemy and Wife of my Enemy and Mother of My Enemy,' said the Cat, 'it is I, for you have spoken a second word in my praise, and now I can sit by the warm fire at

the back of the Cave for always and always and always. But still I am the Cat who walks by himself, and all places are alike to me.'

Then the Woman was very very angry, and let down her hair and put more wood on the fire and brought out the broad blade-bone of the shoulder of mutton and began to make a Magic that should prevent her from saying a third word in praise of the Cat. It was not a Singing Magic, Best Beloved, it was a Still Magic; and by and by the Cave grew so still that a little wee-wee mouse crept out of a corner and ran across the floor.

'O my Enemy and Wife of my Enemy and Mother of my Enemy,' said the Cat, 'is that little mouse part of your magic?'

'Ouh! Chee! No indeed!' said the Woman, and she dropped the blade-bone and jumped upon the footstool in front of the fire and braided up her hair very quick for fear that the mouse should run up it.

'Ah,' said the Cat, watching, 'then the mouse will do me no harm if I eat it?'

'No,' said the Woman, braiding up her hair, 'eat it quickly and I will ever be grateful to you.'

Cat made one jump and caught the little mouse, and the Woman said, 'A hundred thanks. Even the First Friend is not quick enough to catch little mice as you have done. You must be very wise.'

That very moment and second, O Best Beloved, the Milk-pot that stood by the fire cracked in two pieces--ffft--because it remembered the bargain she had made with the Cat, and when the Woman jumped down from the footstool--lo and behold!--the Cat was lapping up the warm white milk that lay in one of the broken pieces.

'O my Enemy and Wife of my Enemy and Mother of my Enemy, said the Cat, 'it is I; for you have spoken three words in my praise, and now I can drink the warm white milk three times a day for always and always and always. But still I am the Cat who walks by himself, and all places are alike to me.'

Then the Woman laughed and set the Cat a bowl of the warm white milk and said, 'O Cat, you are as clever as a man, but remember that your bargain was not made with the Man or the Dog, and I do not know what they will do when they come home.'

'What is that to me?' said the Cat. 'If I have my place in the Cave by the fire and my warm white milk three times a day I do not care what the Man or the Dog can do.'

That evening when the Man and the Dog came into the Cave, the Woman told them all the story of the bargain while the Cat sat by the fire and smiled. Then the Man said, 'Yes, but he has not made a bargain with me or with all proper Men after me.' Then he took off his two leather boots and he took up his little stone axe (that makes three) and he fetched a piece of wood and a hatchet (that is five altogether), and he set them out in a row and he said, 'Now we will make our bargain. If you do not catch mice when you are in the Cave for always and always and always, I will throw these five things at you whenever I see you, and so shall all proper Men do after me.'

'Ah,' said the Woman, listening, 'this is a very clever Cat, but he is not so clever as my Man.'

The Cat counted the five things (and they looked very knobby) and he said, 'I will catch mice when I am in the Cave for always and always and always; but still I am the Cat who walks by himself, and all places are alike to me.'

'Not when I am near,' said the Man. 'If you had not said that last I would have put all these things away for always and always and always; but I am now going to throw my two boots and my little stone axe (that makes three) at you whenever I meet you. And so shall all proper Men do after me!'

Then the Dog said, 'Wait a minute. He has not made a bargain with me or with all proper Dogs after me.' And he showed his teeth and said, 'If you are not kind to the Baby while I am in the Cave for always and always and always, I will hunt you till I catch you, and when I catch you I will bite you. And so shall all proper Dogs do after me.'

'Ah,' said the Woman, listening, 'this is a very clever Cat, but he is not so clever as the Dog.'

Cat counted the Dog's teeth (and they looked very pointed) and he said, 'I will be kind to the Baby while I am in the Cave, as long as he does not pull my tail too hard, for always and always and always. But still I am the Cat that walks by himself, and all places are alike to me.'

'Not when I am near,' said the Dog. 'If you had not said that last I would have shut my mouth for always and always and always; but now I am going to hunt you up a tree whenever I meet you. And so shall all proper Dogs do after me.'

Then the Man threw his two boots and his little stone axe (that makes three) at the Cat, and the Cat ran out of the Cave and the Dog chased him up a tree; and from that day to this, Best Beloved, three proper Men out of five will always throw things at a Cat whenever they meet him, and all proper Dogs will chase him up a tree. But the Cat keeps his side of the bargain too. He will kill mice and he will be kind to Babies when he is in the house, just as long as they do not pull his tail too hard. But when he has done that, and between times, and when the moon gets up and night comes, he is the Cat that walks by himself, and all places are alike to him. Then he goes out to the Wet Wild Woods or up the Wet Wild Trees or on the Wet Wild Roofs, waving his wild tail and walking by his wild lone

PUSSY can sit by the fire and sing  
    Pussy can climb a tree,  
Or play with a silly old cork and string  
    To'muse herself, not me.  
But I like Binkie my dog, because  
    He knows how to behave;  
So, Binkie's the same as the First Friend was,  
    And I am the Man in the Cave.

Pussy will play man-Friday till  
    It's time to wet her paw  
And make her walk on the window-sill  
    (For the footprint Crusoe saw);  
Then she fluffles her tail and mews,  
    And scratches and won't attend.  
But Binkie will play whatever I choose,  
    And he is my true First Friend.

Pussy will rub my knees with her head  
    Pretending she loves me hard;  
But the very minute I go to my bed  
    Pussy runs out in the yard,  
And there she stays till the morning-light;  
    So I know it is only pretend;  
But Binkie, he snores at my feet all night,  
    And he is my Firstest Friend!

## **THE BUTTERFLY THAT STAMPED**

THIS, O my Best Beloved, is a story--a new and a wonderful story--a story quite different from the other stories--a story about The Most Wise Sovereign Suleiman-bin-Daoud--Solomon the Son of David.

There are three hundred and fifty-five stories about Suleiman-bin-Daoud; but this is not one of them. It is not the story of the Lapwing who found the Water; or the Hoopoe who shaded Suleimanbin-Daoud from the heat. It is not the story of the Glass Pavement, or the Ruby with the Crooked Hole, or the Gold Bars of Balkis. It is the story of the Butterfly that Stamped.

Now attend all over again and listen!

Suleiman-bin-Daoud was wise. He understood what the beasts said, what the birds said, what the fishes said, and what the insects said. He understood what the rocks said deep under the earth when they bowed in towards each other and groaned; and he understood what the trees said when they rustled in the middle of the morning. He understood everything, from the bishop on the bench to the hyssop on the wall, and Balkis, his Head Queen, the Most Beautiful Queen Balkis, was nearly as wise as he was.

Suleiman-bin-Daoud was strong. Upon the third finger of the right hand he wore a ring. When he turned it once, Afrits and Djinns came Out of the earth to do whatever he told them. When he turned it twice, Fairies came down from the sky to do whatever he told them; and when he turned it three times, the very great angel Azrael of the Sword came dressed as a water-carrier, and told him the news of the three worlds,--Above--Below--and Here.

And yet Suleiman-bin-Daoud was not proud. He very seldom showed off, and when he did he was sorry for it. Once he tried to feed all the animals in all the world in one day, but when the food was ready an Animal came out of the deep sea and ate it up in three mouthfuls. Suleiman-bin-Daoud was very surprised and said, 'O Animal, who are you?' And the Animal said, 'O King, live for ever! I am the smallest of thirty



thousand brothers, and our home is at the bottom of the sea. We heard that you were going to feed all the animals in all the world, and my brothers sent me to ask when dinner would be ready.' Suleiman-bin-Daoud was more surprised than ever and said, 'O Animal, you have eaten all the dinner that I made ready for all the animals in the world.' And the Animal said, 'O King, live for ever, but do you really call that a dinner? Where I come from we each eat twice as much as that between meals.' Then Suleiman-bin-Daoud fell flat on his face and said, 'O Animal! I gave that dinner to show what a great and rich king I was, and not because I really wanted to be kind to the animals. Now I am ashamed, and it serves me right. Suleiman-bin-Daoud was a really truly wise man, Best Beloved. After that he never forgot that it was silly to show off; and now the real story part of my story begins.

He married ever so many wives. He married nine hundred and ninety-nine wives, besides the Most Beautiful Balkis; and they all lived in a great golden palace in the middle of a lovely garden with fountains. He didn't really want nine-hundred and ninety-nine wives, but in those days everybody married ever so many wives, and of course the King had to marry ever so many more just to show that he was the King.

Some of the wives were nice, but some were simply horrid, and the horrid ones quarrelled with the nice ones and made them horrid too, and then they would all quarrel with Suleiman-bin-Daoud, and that was horrid for him. But Balkis the Most Beautiful never quarrelled with Suleiman-bin-Daoud. She loved him too much. She sat in her rooms in the Golden Palace, or walked in the Palace garden, and was truly sorry for him.

Of course if he had chosen to turn his ring on his finger and call up the Djinns and the Afrits they would have magicked all those nine hundred and ninety-nine quarrelsome wives into white mules of the desert or greyhounds or pomegranate seeds; but Suleiman-bin-Daoud thought that that would be showing off. So, when they quarrelled too much, he only walked by himself in one part of the beautiful Palace gardens and wished he had never been born.

One day, when they had quarrelled for three weeks--all nine hundred and ninety-nine wives together--Suleiman-bin-Daoud went out for peace and quiet as usual; and among the orange trees he met Balkis the Most Beautiful, very sorrowful because

Suleiman-bin-Daoud was so worried. And she said to him, 'O my Lord and Light of my Eyes, turn the ring upon your finger and show these Queens of Egypt and Mesopotamia and Persia and China that you are the great and terrible King.' But Suleiman-bin-Daoud shook his head and said, 'O my Lady and Delight of my Life, remember the Animal that came out of the sea and made me ashamed before all the animals in all the world because I showed off. Now, if I showed off before these Queens of Persia and Egypt and Abyssinia and China, merely because they worry me, I might be made even more ashamed than I have been.'

And Balkis the Most Beautiful said, 'O my Lord and Treasure of my Soul, what will you do?'

And Suleiman-bin-Daoud said, 'O my Lady and Content of my Heart, I shall continue to endure my fate at the hands of these nine hundred and ninety-nine Queens who vex me with their continual quarrelling.'

So he went on between the lilies and the loquats and the roses and the cannas and the heavy-scented ginger-plants that grew in the garden, till he came to the great camphor-tree that was called the Camphor Tree of Suleiman-bin-Daoud. But Balkis hid among the tall irises and the spotted bamboos and the red lillies behind the camphor-tree, so as to be near her own true love, Suleiman-bin-Daoud.

Presently two Butterflies flew under the tree, quarrelling.

Suleiman-bin-Daoud heard one say to the other, 'I wonder at your presumption in talking like this to me. Don't you know that if I stamped with my foot all Suleiman-bin-Daoud's Palace and this garden here would immediately vanish in a clap of thunder.'

Then Suleiman-bin-Daoud forgot his nine hundred and ninety-nine bothersome wives, and laughed, till the camphor-tree shook, at the Butterfly's boast. And he held out his finger and said, 'Little man, come here.'

The Butterfly was dreadfully frightened, but he managed to fly up to the hand of Suleiman-bin-Daoud, and clung there, fanning himself. Suleiman-bin-Daoud bent his head and whispered very softly, 'Little man, you know that all your stamping wouldn't

bend one blade of grass. What made you tell that awful fib to your wife?--for doubtless she is your wife.'

The Butterfly looked at Suleiman-bin-Daoud and saw the most wise King's eye twinkle like stars on a frosty night, and he picked up his courage with both wings, and he put his head on one side and said, 'O King, live for ever. She is my wife; and you know what wives are like.

Suleiman-bin-Daoud smiled in his beard and said, 'Yes, I know, little brother.

'One must keep them in order somehow, said the Butterfly, and she has been quarrelling with me all the morning. I said that to quiet her.'

And Suleiman-bin-Daoud said, 'May it quiet her. Go back to your wife, little brother, and let me hear what you say.'

Back flew the Butterfly to his wife, who was all of a twitter behind a leaf, and she said, 'He heard you! Suleiman-bin-Daoud himself heard you!'

'Heard me!' said the Butterfly. 'Of course he did. I meant him to hear me.'

'And what did he say? Oh, what did he say?'

'Well,' said the Butterfly, fanning himself most importantly, 'between you and me, my dear--of course I don't blame him, because his Palace must have cost a great deal and the oranges are just ripening,--he asked me not to stamp, and I promised I wouldn't.'

'Gracious!' said his wife, and sat quite quiet; but Suleiman-bin-Daoud laughed till the tears ran down his face at the impudence of the bad little Butterfly.

Balkis the Most Beautiful stood up behind the tree among the red lilies and smiled to herself, for she had heard all this talk. She thought, 'If I am wise I can yet save my Lord from the persecutions of these quarrelsome Queens,' and she held out her finger and whispered softly to the Butterfly's Wife, 'Little woman, come here.' Up flew the Butterfly's Wife, very frightened, and clung to Balkis's white hand.

Balkis bent her beautiful head down and whispered, 'Little woman, do you believe what your husband has just said?'

The Butterfly's Wife looked at Balkis, and saw the most beautiful Queen's eyes shining like deep pools with starlight on them, and she picked up her courage with both wings and said, 'O Queen, be lovely for ever. You know what men-folk are like.'

And the Queen Balkis, the Wise Balkis of Sheba, put her hand to her lips to hide a smile and said, 'Little sister, I know.'

'They get angry,' said the Butterfly's Wife, fanning herself quickly, 'over nothing at all, but we must humour them, O Queen. They never mean half they say. If it pleases my husband to believe that I believe he can make Suleiman-bin-Daoud's Palace disappear by stamping his foot, I'm sure I don't care. He'll forget all about it tomorrow.'

'Little sister,' said Balkis, 'you are quite right; but next time he begins to boast, take him at his word. Ask him to stamp, and see what will happen. We know what men-folk are like, don't we? He'll be very much ashamed.'

Away flew the Butterfly's Wife to her husband, and in five minutes they were quarrelling worse than ever.

'Remember!' said the Butterfly. 'Remember what I can do if I stamp my foot.'

'I don't believe you one little bit,' said the Butterfly's Wife. 'I should very much like to see it done. Suppose you stamp now.'

'I promised Suleiman-bin-Daoud that I wouldn't,' said the Butterfly, 'and I don't want to break my promise.'

'It wouldn't matter if you did,' said his wife. 'You couldn't bend a blade of grass with your stamping. I dare you to do it,' she said. Stamp! Stamp! Stamp!'

Suleiman-bin-Daoud, sitting under the camphor-tree, heard every word of this, and he laughed as he had never laughed in his life before. He forgot all about his Queens; he forgot all about the Animal that came out of the sea; he forgot about showing off. He

just laughed with joy, and Balkis, on the other side of the tree, smiled because her own true love was so joyful.

Presently the Butterfly, very hot and puffy, came whirling back under the shadow of the camphor-tree and said to Suleiman, 'She wants me to stamp! She wants to see what will happen, O Suleiman-bin-Daoud! You know I can't do it, and now she'll never believe a word I say. She'll laugh at me to the end of my days!'

'No, little brother,' said Suleiman-bin-Daoud, 'she will never laugh at you again,' and he turned the ring on his finger--just for the little Butterfly's sake, not for the sake of showing off,--and, lo and behold, four huge Djinnns came out of the earth!

'Slaves,' said Suleiman-bin-Daoud, 'when this gentleman on my finger' (that was where the impudent Butterfly was sitting) 'stamps his left front forefoot you will make my Palace and these gardens disappear in a clap of thunder. When he stamps again you will bring them back carefully.'

'Now, little brother,' he said, 'go back to your wife and stamp all you've a mind to.'

Away flew the Butterfly to his wife, who was crying, 'I dare you to do it! I dare you to do it! Stamp! Stamp now! Stamp!' Balkis saw the four vast Djinnns stoop down to the four corners of the gardens with the Palace in the middle, and she clapped her hands softly and said, 'At last Suleiman-bin-Daoud will do for the sake of a Butterfly what he ought to have done long ago for his own sake, and the quarrelsome Queens will be frightened!'

The abutterfly stamped. The Djinnns jerked the Palace and the gardens a thousand miles into the air: there was a most awful thunder-clap, and everything grew inky-black. The Butterfly's Wife fluttered about in the dark, crying, 'Oh, I'll be good! I'm so sorry I spoke. Only bring the gardens back, my dear darling husband, and I'll never contradict again.'

The Butterfly was nearly as frightened as his wife, and Suleiman-bin-Daoud laughed so much that it was several minutes before he found breath enough to whisper to the Butterfly, 'Stamp again, little brother. Give me back my Palace, most great magician.'

'Yes, give him back his Palace,' said the Butterfly's Wife, still flying about in the dark like a moth. 'Give him back his Palace, and don't let's have any more horrid magic.'

'Well, my dear,' said the Butterfly as bravely as he could, 'you see what your nagging has led to. Of course it doesn't make any difference to me--I'm used to this kind of thing--but as a favour to you and to Suleiman-bin-Daoud I don't mind putting things right.'

So he stamped once more, and that instant the Djinn's let down the Palace and the gardens, without even a bump. The sun shone on the dark-green orange leaves; the fountains played among the pink Egyptian lilies; the birds went on singing, and the Butterfly's Wife lay on her side under the camphor-tree wagging her wings and panting, 'Oh, I'll be good! I'll be good!'

Suleiman-bin-Daoud could hardly speak for laughing. He leaned back all weak and hiccoughy, and shook his finger at the Butterfly and said, 'O great wizard, what is the sense of returning to me my Palace if at the same time you slay me with mirth!'

Then came a terrible noise, for all the nine hundred and ninety-nine Queens ran out of the Palace shrieking and shouting and calling for their babies. They hurried down the great marble steps below the fountain, one hundred abreast, and the Most Wise Balkis went stately forward to meet them and said, 'What is your trouble, O Queens?'

They stood on the marble steps one hundred abreast and shouted, 'What is our trouble? We were living peacefully in our golden palace, as is our custom, when upon a sudden the Palace disappeared, and we were left sitting in a thick and noisome darkness; and it thundered, and Djinn's and Afrits moved about in the darkness! That is our trouble, O Head Queen, and we are most extremely troubled on account of that trouble, for it was a troublesome trouble, unlike any trouble we have known.'

Then Balkis the Most Beautiful Queen--Suleiman-bin-Daoud's Very Best Beloved--Queen that was of Sheba and Sable and the Rivers of the Gold of the South--from the Desert of Zinn to the Towers of Zimbabwe--Balkis, almost as wise as the Most Wise Suleiman-bin-Daoud himself, said, 'It is nothing, O Queens! A Butterfly has made complaint against his wife because she quarrelled with him, and it has pleased our

Lord Suleiman-bin-Daoud to teach her a lesson in low-speaking and humbleness, for that is counted a virtue among the wives of the butterfliesa.'

Then up and spoke an Egyptian Queen--the daughter of a Pharoah--and she said, 'Our Palace cannot be plucked up by the roots like a leek for the sake of a little insect. No! Suleiman-bin-Daoud must be dead, and what we heard and saw was the earth thundering and darkening at the news.'

Then Balkis beckoned that bold Queen without looking at her, and said to her and to the others, 'Come and see.'

They came down the marble steps, one hundred abreast, and beneath his camphor-tree, still weak with laughing, they saw the Most Wise King Suleiman-bin-Daoud rocking back and forth with a Butterfly on either hand, and they heard him say, 'O wife of my brother in the air, remember after this, to please your husband in all things, lest he be provoked to stamp his foot yet again; for he has said that he is used to this magic, and he is most eminently a great magician--one who steals away the very Palace of Suleiman-bin-Daoud himself. Go in peace, little folk!' And he kissed them on the wings, and they flew away.

Then all the Queens except Balkis--the Most Beautiful and Splendid Balkis, who stood apart smiling--fell flat on their faces, for they said, 'If these things are done when a Butterfly is displeased with his wife, what shall be done to us who have vexed our King with our loud-speaking and open quarrelling through many days?'

Then they put their veils over their heads, and they put their hands over their mouths, and they tiptoed back to the Palace most mousy-quiet.

Then Balkis--The Most Beautiful and Excellent Balkis--went forward through the red lilies into the shade of the camphor-tree and laid her hand upon Suleiman-bin-Daoud's shoulder and said, 'O my Lord and Treasure of my Soul, rejoice, for we have taught the Queens of Egypt and Ethiopia and Abyssinia and Persia and India and China with a great and a memorable teaching.'

And Suleiman-bin-Daoud, still looking after the Butterflies where they played in the sunlight, said, 'O my Lady and Jewel of my Felicity, when did this happen? For I have

been jesting with a Butterfly ever since I came into the garden.' And he told Balkis what he had done.

Balkis--The tender and Most Lovely Balkis--said, 'O my Lord and Regent of my Existence, I hid behind the camphor-tree and saw it all. It was I who told the Butterfly's Wife to ask the Butterfly to stamp, because I hoped that for the sake of the jest my Lord would make some great magic and that the Queens would see it and be frightened.' And she told him what the Queens had said and seen and thought.

Then Suleiman-bin-Daoud rose up from his seat under the camphor-tree, and stretched his arms and rejoiced and said, 'O my Lady and Sweetener of my Days, know that if I had made a magic against my Queens for the sake of pride or anger, as I made that feast for all the animals, I should certainly have been put to shame. But by means of your wisdom I made the magic for the sake of a jest and for the sake of a little Butterfly, and--behold--it has also delivered me from the vexations of my vexatious wives! Tell me, therefore, O my Lady and Heart of my Heart, how did you come to be so wise?' And Balkis the Queen, beautiful and tall, looked up into Suleiman-bin-Daoud's eyes and put her head a little on one side, just like the Butterfly, and said, 'First, O my Lord, because I loved you; and secondly, O my Lord, because I know what women-folk are.'

Then they went up to the Palace and lived happily ever afterwards.

But wasn't it clever of Balkis?

THERE was never a Queen like Balkis,  
From here to the wide world's end;  
But Balkis tailed to a butterfly  
As you would talk to a friend.  
There was never a King like Solomon,  
Not since the world began;  
But Solomon talked to a butterfly  
As a man would talk to a man.  
She was Queen of Sabaea--  
And he was Asia's Lord--  
But they both of 'em talked to butterflies  
When they took their walks abroad!